JAMES DEAN
ALBUM

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THE STRANGE
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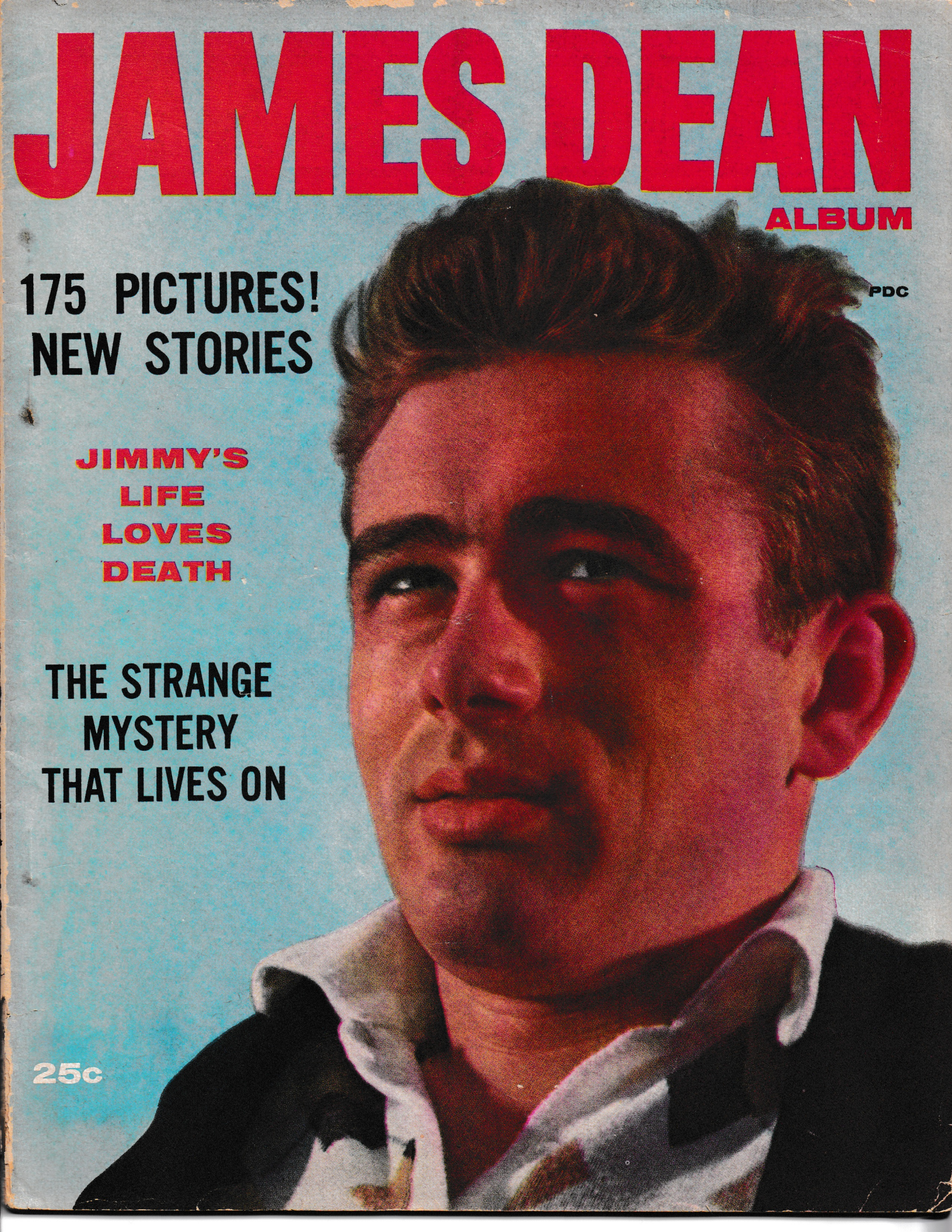

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JAMES DEAN

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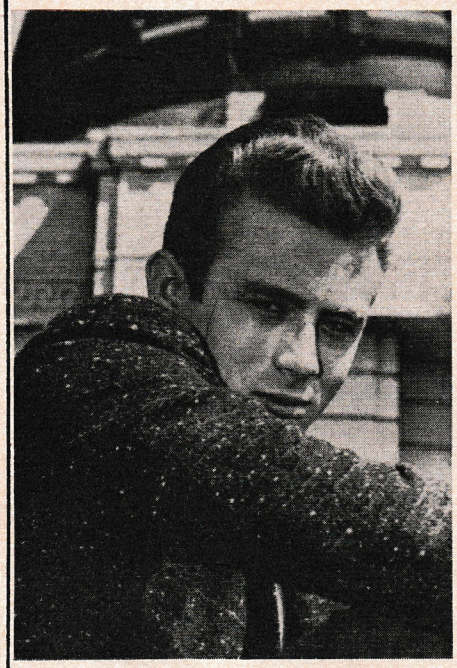

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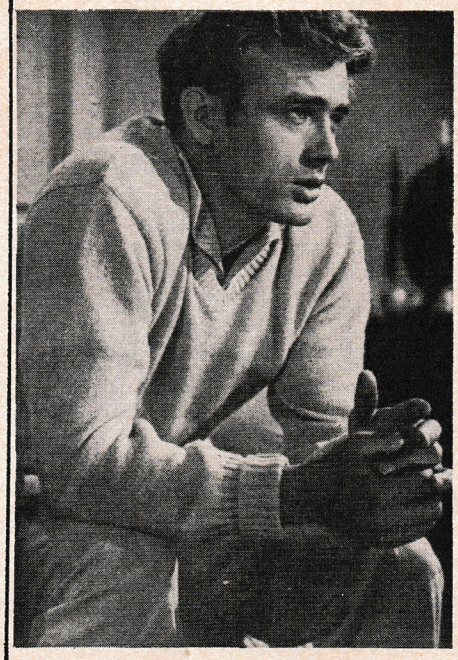

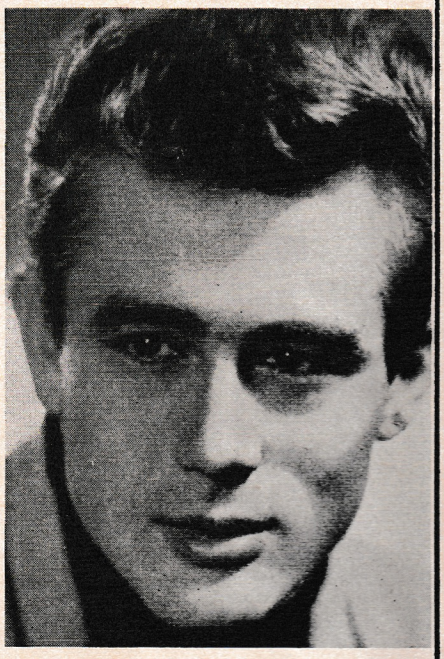

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JAMES DEAN ALBUM

WE SALUTE JAMES DEAN

■ On that tragic day of September 30th, 1955, the day that marked the death of James Dean in a grinding auto crash, Hollywood knew it had lost one of its freshest and greatest talents. But, as we were to keep learning in the months that followed, Hollywood's loss was almost over-shadowed by that of Jimmy's devoted and heart-broken fans.

At first, there was only a little trickle of mail; then, as the shock softened, those who couldn't contain their love and emotions began translating their feelings into tender words. On paper stained with bitter tears, some expressed anger that such a gift should have been snuffed out without rhyme or reason; some were Pollyannish, grateful to have been able to witness the rare fruit of Jimmy's genius. All had one thing in common; they wanted some way to keep his memory alive.

So many thousands of letters have poured into this office, we have received so many requests for information, a last photograph, a bit of clothing, that it seemed only natural for us to also want to express our bereavement, to perhaps create a monument in his memory. This album, then, is our small but heartfelt tribute to James Dean.

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W. M. COTTON, PUBLISHER

MURIEL BABCOCK, EDITORIAL DIRECTOR

DIANA LURVEY, EDITOR

MARVIN ALBERT, MANAGING EDITOR

BARBARA JANES, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

ED. C. RETHORN, ART DIRECTOR

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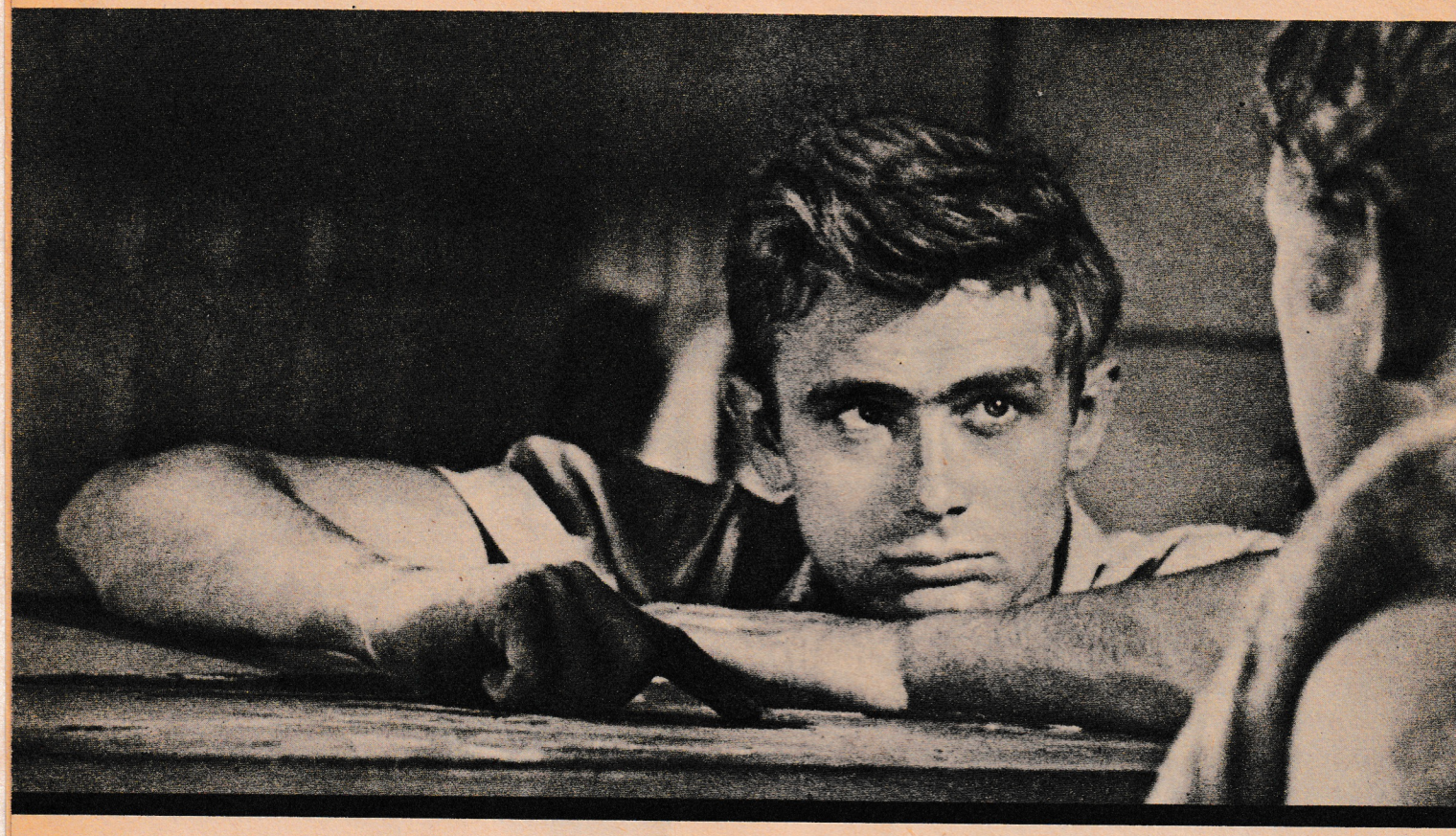
"Dead? Not Jimmy Dean. He still lives and he still acts, not in movies but in our memories. Was he passed over in the voting on this year's Academy Awards? We have given him our own award—our love. And yet much as we love him, we now know there was Someone who loved him even more." L. B., Spokane, Washington

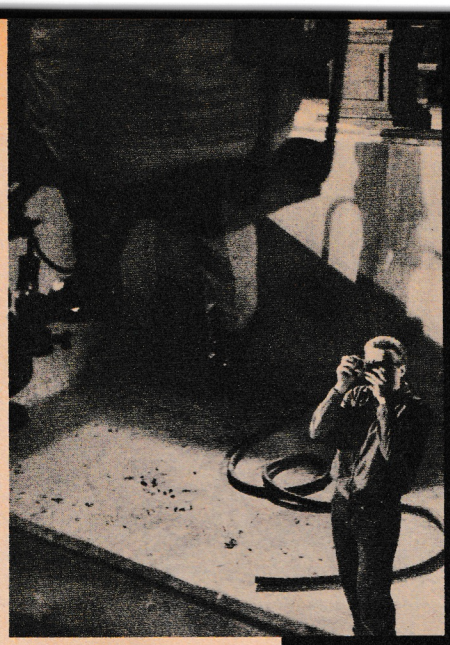


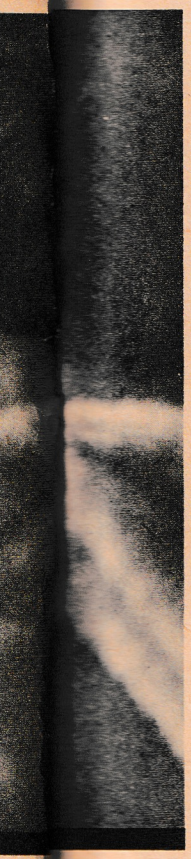
"Jimmy Dean lives on in the hearts of those who loved and admired him as an actor of unequaled talent and a young man of sensitivity and personal greatness. Dearest Jimmy, you will never be forgotten. Your star will always shine." F. F., New York, New York

"Many, true, have come and gone,
Great men doing their part in life and passing;
The world has lost its princes before
But never one like you"

Name Withheld By Request

"I sit day after day and ask myself *why*. Why was our beloved James Dean taken from the world when he had so much to offer? I only hope that somehow, some way, he can see how much we still love him." J. B., Salt Lake City, Utah





THE BOY WHO REFUSES TO DIE

(*Continued*)

how often we see these films, so vital was Jimmy's performance that they are ever new, ever exciting.

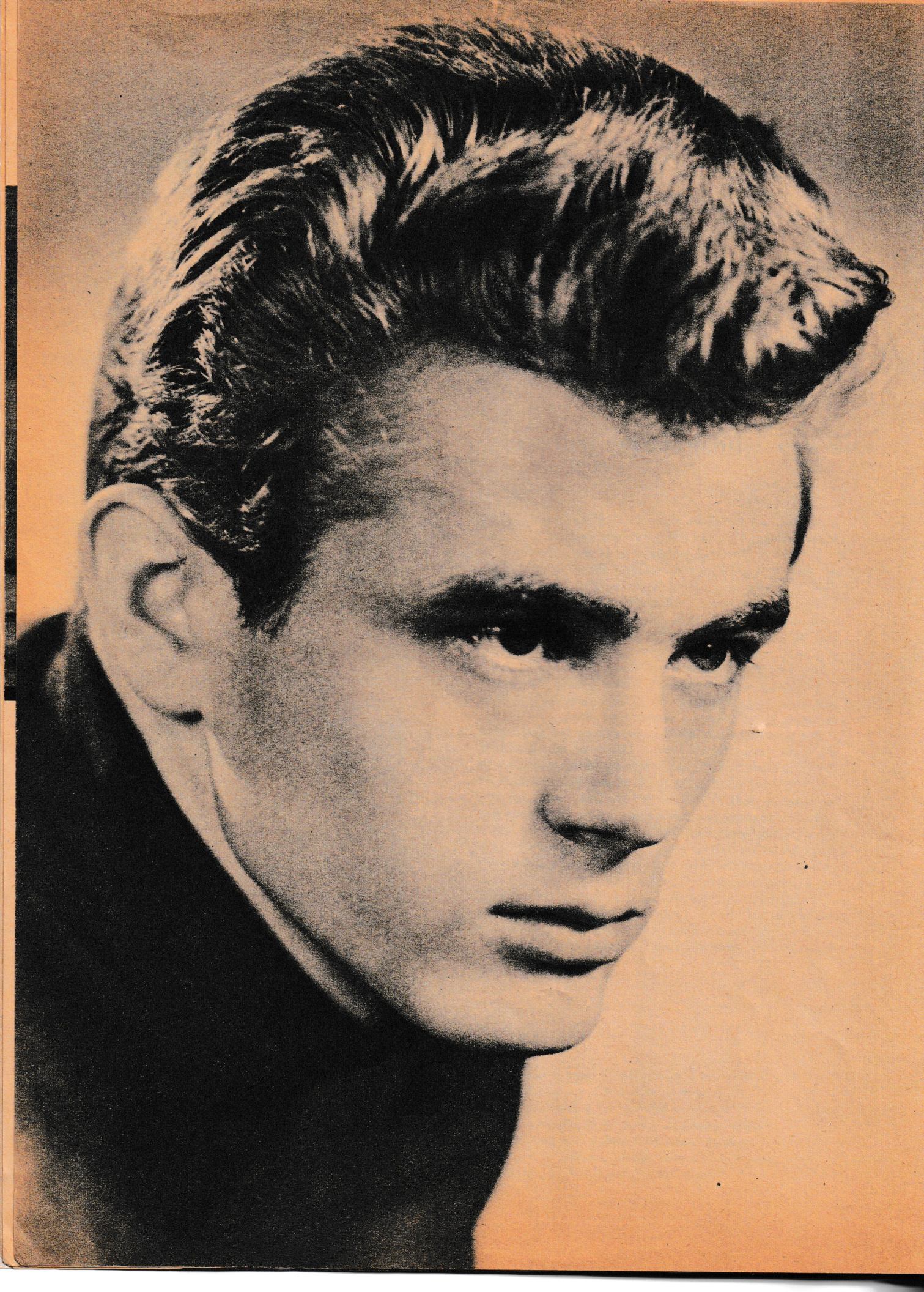
Mr. Henry Ginsberg, producer of *Giant*, recently spoke of this strange powerful vitality that was peculiarly Jimmy's—how it touched and inspired everyone who worked on the picture. Said Mr. Ginsberg, "He lived with such burning intensity that, in retrospect, it almost seems that he knew he wouldn't be with us long, and his work was truly remarkable. I believe his was one of the finest acting jobs ever seen on the screen."

In talking with others with whom Jimmy was closely associated in his last days, we get the same feeling—that on them, he still exerts a tremendous effect.

But most significant of all is the strange and awe-inspiring public reaction to Jimmy Dean—an overwhelming demonstration that this extraordinary young man has won a lasting living place in the hearts of people everywhere. "I suppose you think I'm silly to feel like this," said a girl who called us the other day to relate her lasting admiration and love for this great star. We assured her that we didn't think her silly at all; we have found those same sentiments shared by countless other folks who have called and written in exactly the same way.

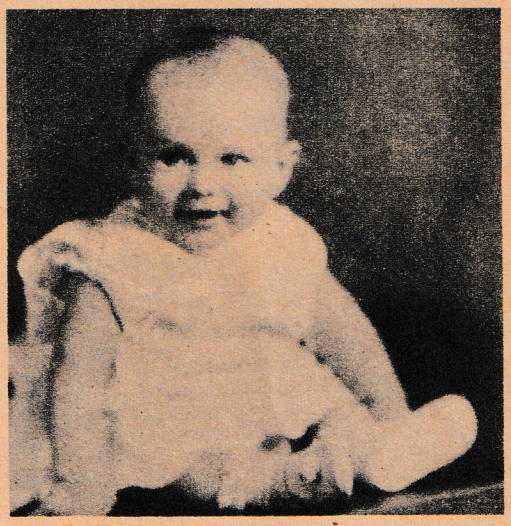
To give you an idea of just how strong and vital the personality of James Dean still is, we are reprinting on this page quotes from just a few of the thousands of letters we have received. (*Continued on page* 60)

"Jimmy was a combination of many things—a skyrocket, an idealist, a cynic and a dreamer, a thunderbolt, an uninhibited extrovert and a little lost boy. Through the almost unbearable beauty of his acting, he reached out to us all, and I don't believe that anyone who ever saw James Dean act could remain unmoved by him; no one could forget him afterwards." M. M., Bristol, Connecticut

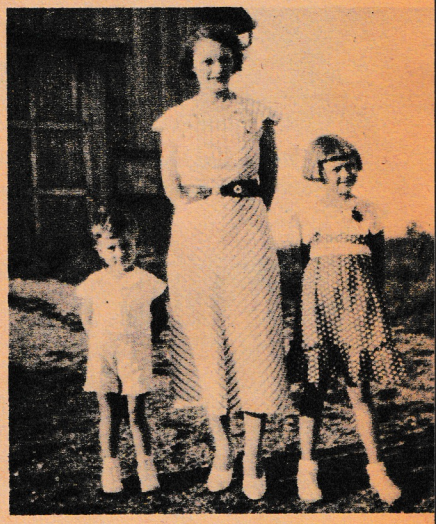


THE SHORT TRAGIC LIFE OF JIMMY DEAN

■ Most of Jimmy Dean's life was a search, a search that ended too soon to find fulfillment. Everyone who knew him felt his yearning. Sensitive and talented, he was well-liked in spite of his moodiness. He threw himself with violent zest into so many pursuits: auto racing, motorcycling, boxing, horseback riding, bullfighting, reading, music, sculpture. And he excelled at each of them. But all of these outlets could not drain off the intense longing for someone who could understand him. James Bryon Dean was born on February 8, 1931, in Marion, Indiana. His father, Winton, was a dental technician. His mother, Mildred Wilson, was a farmer's daughter. As an only child, Jimmy had all the love needed for happiness. What his parents lacked in financial wealth they made up for in fun and indulgence. Then, when his mom died when he was nine, Jimmy was sent to live with his aunt and uncle, who did their very best to make him forget his loss. On the surface, at least, they seemed to succeed. Jimmy was adored by his cousins, considered an outstanding student by his teachers, a regular guy by classmates. Besides being one of the best basketball guards in the county, a team baseball player and a champion pole vaulter, he won the state oratory contest. After two college years, he went to Broadway and pounded the pavements for months before his first stage role. Two years later he was in Hollywood starring in his first movie. The world was his for the taking. Handsome and brilliant, hailed as an acting genius, he was learning to be a film director as well. But the restless longing in him grew stronger with each day of growing success. And then, with the world just in his grasp, James Dean died—a victim of his own feverish, unceasing search for inner peace. He'd lived 24 years. (*Continued on next page*)



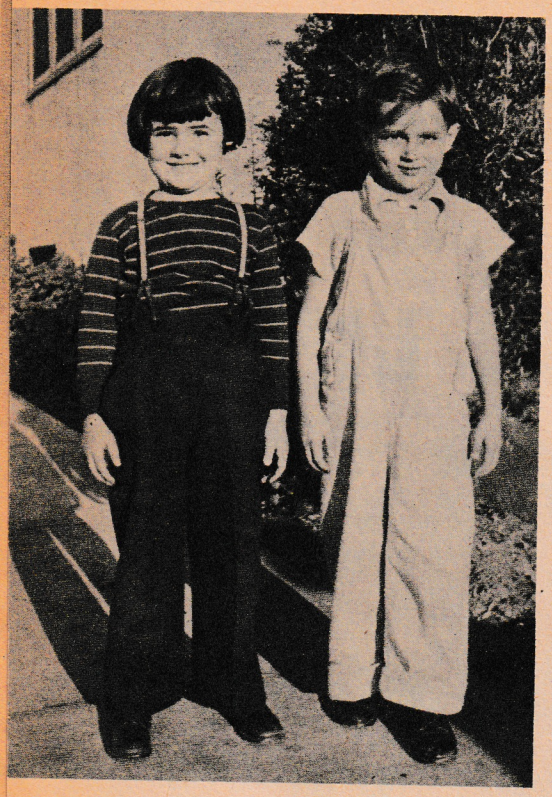
James Bryon Dean at 4 months. He was a sunny baby who walked early, could say complete sentences at two.



At 2½, Jimmy poses with Aunt Ortense Winslow and cousin Joan.

Three years old, he had his photograph taken in his folks' apartment, managed a shy, wistful smile.

Jimmy in Los Angeles, after family moved west when he was five.



5. Jimmy sent this snap of himself with a Los Angeles sweetheart to his grandmother.

6. Looking devilish as a six-year-old, Jimmy plays on a neighbor's lawn with a brand-new toy water pump.

7. At 6, he got himself all dressed up for pony ride in cowboy hat and chaps.

8. Celebrating his seventh birthday with a costume party, Jimmy wore his cowboy outfit while a classmate from Brentwood Grade School in Los Angeles dressed up as a clown.

9. He was nine when his mother died. He was sent back to Indiana with Grandma Emma. Here pictured with cousin Joan.

10. Although he had shown precocious talent as a child violinist, he refused to play after his mother died.

11. Living on the farm of his uncle and aunt, the Marcus Winslows, Jimmy was raised as their son. He got his own horse (top) at ten, practiced pole-vaulting near farmhouse.

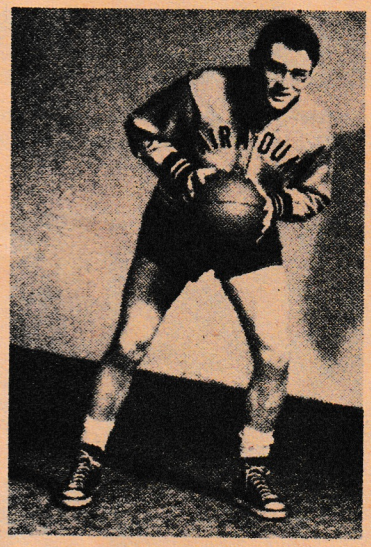
12. At eleven, he posed for this portrait. His cousins, Joan and Marcus, Jr., were like his sister and brother.

13. Class picture (top), taken before graduation from Fairmount Grade School. Jimmy is third from the right in front row. Below: Winter on the farm; Jimmy with cousin Joan.

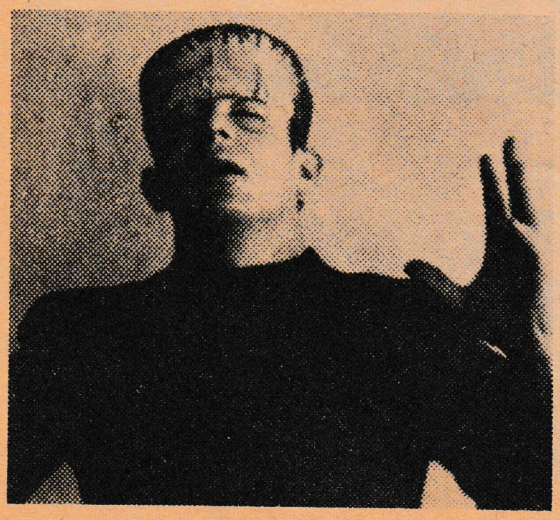
(*Continued on next page*)

14. A member of Fairmount Grade School's basketball team in 1942, Jimmy (third from the right in the back row) got straight A's in art, was a popular student.

15. At 14 he clowned with cousin Marcus Winslow Jr. in the vegetable garden which was his project as a member of the local 4-H club.

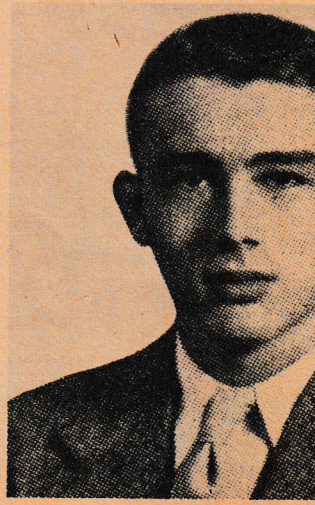


16. Entering Fairmount High School, Jimmy soon proved he was a crack, all-around athlete. Posed with the baseball team in 1944 photo far left (he's second from right in back row), he also excelled as a fast basketball guard, was a champion pole vaulter.



17. He was scary Frankenstein's monster in a high school comedy called *Goon With The Wind.*

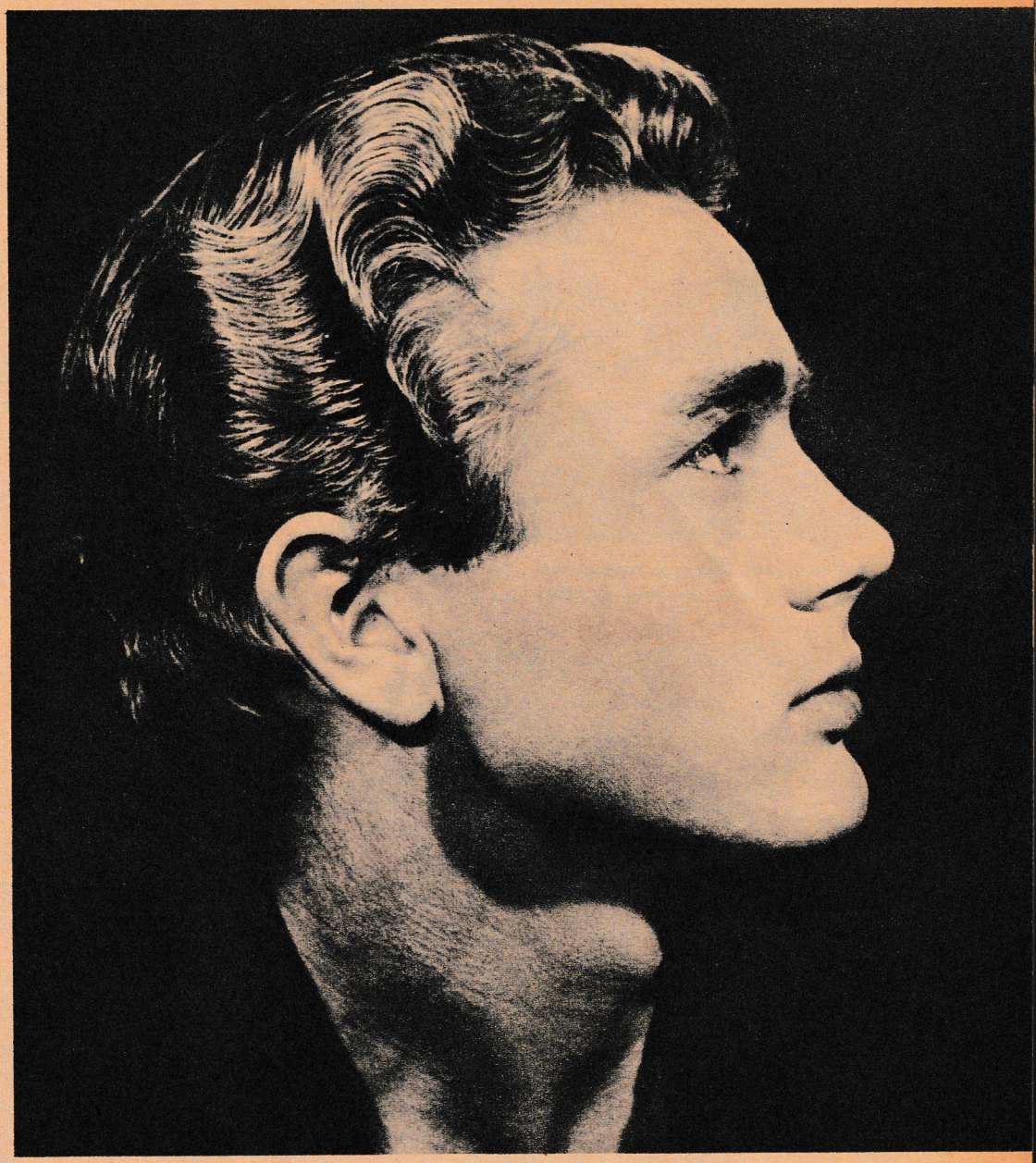
18. President of the Thespian Society (center, at table), he played character parts in plays.



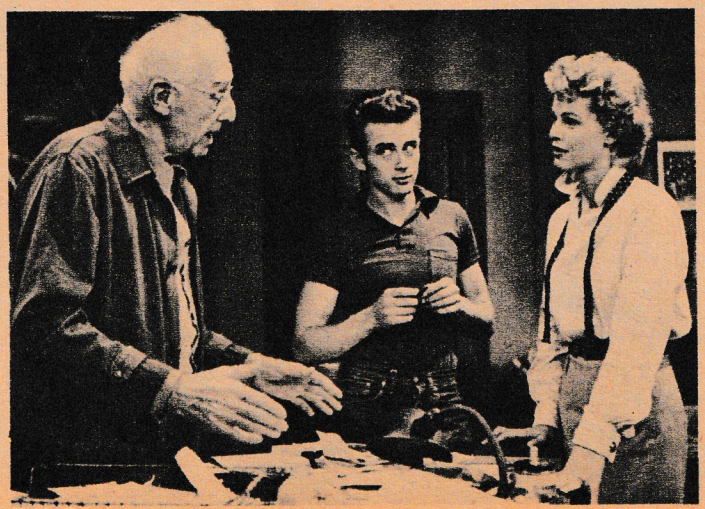
19. He won state title as a debater. His teachers knew him as brilliant but lacking application.

20. Just graduated from high school at 18, he gets a ride from Mark Jr.

21. Right: 1950 photo of Jimmy as a theatre arts student at U.C.L.A.



22. Jimmy made Broadway debut in *See The Jaguar*, with Arthur Kennedy and Constance Ford, in 1952.



23. After *Jaguar* folded in less than a week, television roles like the one above on *Danger*, paid his way for two years, while he studied at the Actors' Studio.

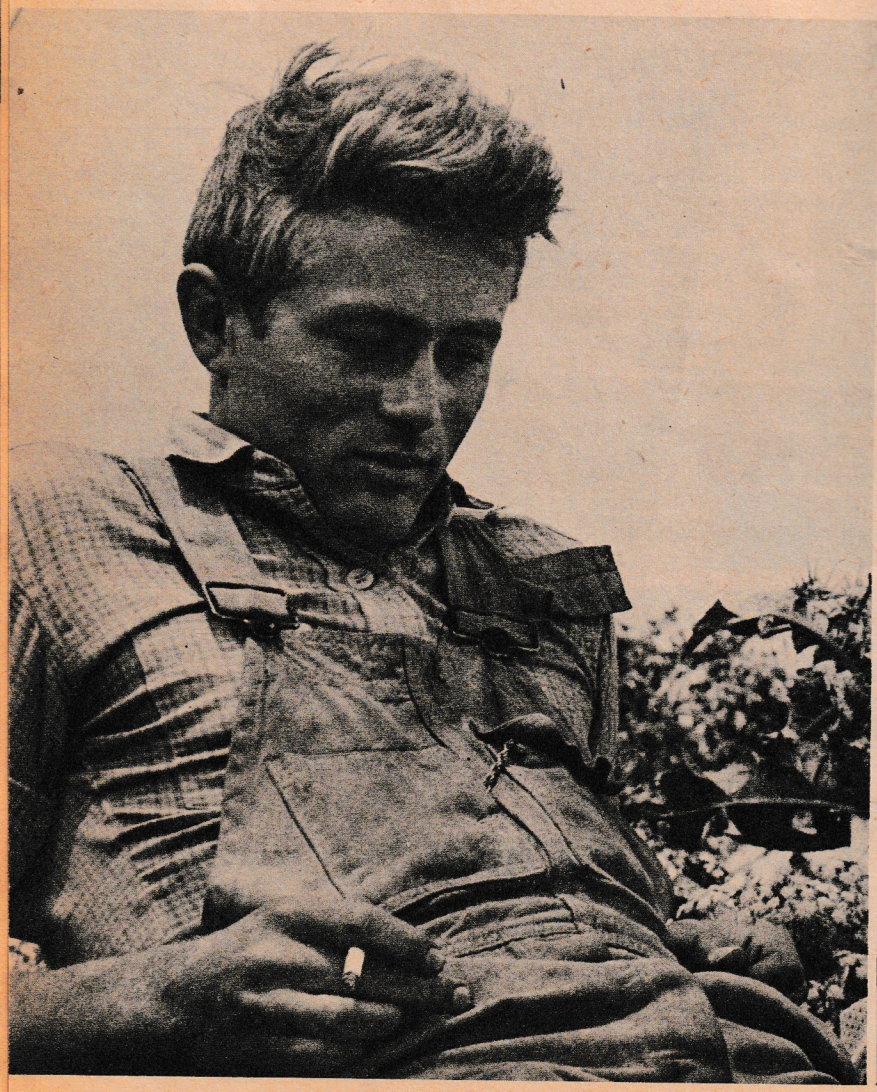
24. TV viewers also saw him on *Schlitz Playhouse, Studio One.*

(*Continued on next page*)

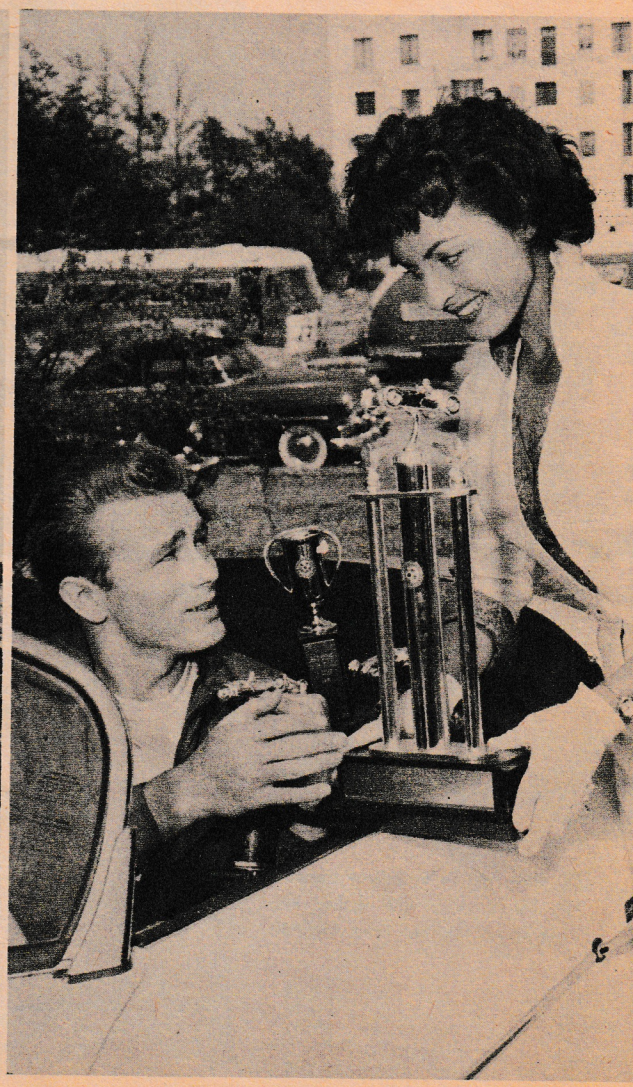
25. Jimmy hugs co-star Geraldine Page before *The Immoralist* opening on Broadway in 1954.

26. As *Immoralist's* blackmailing Arab he won most promising newcomer award.

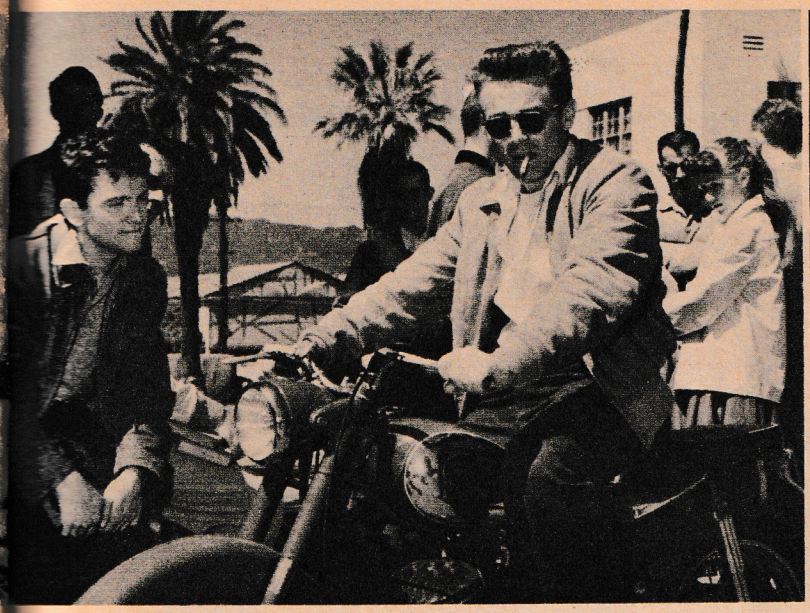
27. With movie contract from Elia Kazan, he visited Winslows on way to Hollywood, played with Mark Jr.



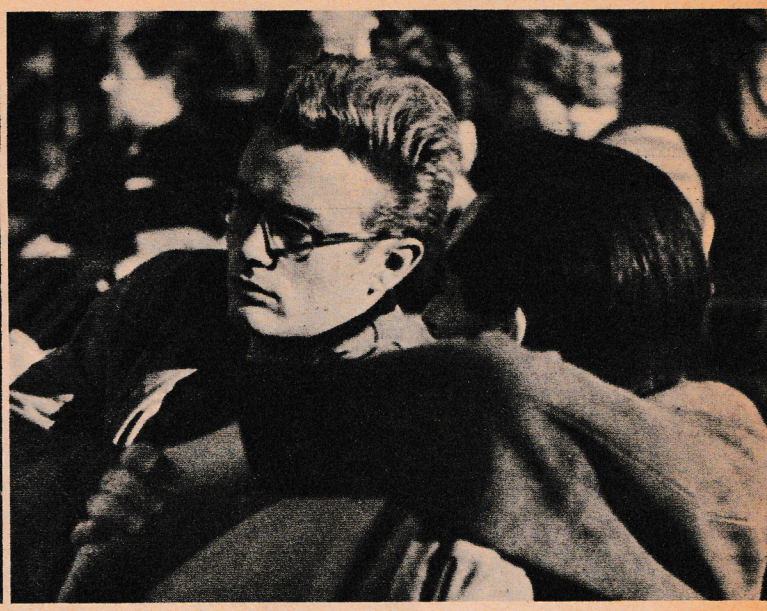
28. Advance raves for his performances of mixed-up farm boy in first film, *East Of Eden*, made him a star before its 1955 release. Next pic: *Rebel Without A Cause*.



29. Favorite hobby was racing sports cars. Here Jimmy accepts three trophies from Jeanne Baird for races won with a Porsche.



30. On motorcycle dates his girls rode tandem seat. His hobbies, quirks and tendency to withdraw into himself made many movie-people misunderstand him.



31. Jimmy and composer Leonard Rosenman, a friend whose opera Jimmy directed at a music festival, visit set of Liberace movie together.

32. Serious Jimmy (top) studies set-design with artist Boris Levin. Below: He kids with Steffi Skolsky at 1955 party.

33. Making last movie, *Giant*, with Liz Taylor, Jimmy's future looked brilliant. Producers begged for his services. Then, *Giant* done, he set off on his last ride.

WHAT MADE JIMMY RUN? *(Continued)*

he reached New York he was not too different from the average college boy. Neurotic, uncommunicative, hell-bent for destruction? Thus he's been described by those co-workers, friends and enemies who knew him during the short year and a half he spent in Hollywood. But that was not the impression he left on those whose paths he first crossed in New York.

Harry Drake, a young artist and amateur photographer, was one of the first friends Jim made in the big city. Harry had the flat above Jim's and the two boys passed each other on the stairs several times before Jim introduced himself. Harry remembers the meeting well.

"I was returning home from a big sale at some second-hand book-store and was overloaded with books and bull-fight posters. Jim was coming up the steps at the same time and offered to lend a hand. I was much obliged, of course, and invited him in for a cup of coffee. I never saw anyone get as excited as Jim when I unfurled the large posters!

" 'Man,' he exclaimed, 'those are the greatest! Where did you get them? Are there any left? How much are they?' Question followed question. Then suddenly abashed that he was talking a blue streak, Jim apologized for his over-enthusiasm and went on to explain that if there was anything in the world that he dug as much as acting it was bull-fighting. He proceeded to describe in detail some of the exhibitions he had seen in Tia Juana and confessed that the only regret he had about leaving California was the fact that it meant no more Saturday afternoons South of the Border.

"I had never come within a thousand miles of an arena but I was interested in the sport from a photographer's and artist's point of view. I was spellbound by Jim's articulate and picturesque descriptions of actual fights. He was always so vital and alive when he spoke about a subject which really intrigued him.

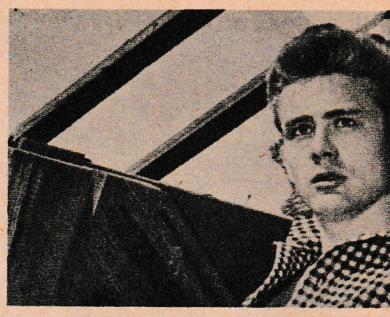
"After that afternoon, we'd drop into one another's apartments for coffee and gab. Jim was interested, too, in amateur photography and we discussed lights and angles and composition for hours on end. Sometimes he'd borrow my gear and spend the day just shooting pictures. The results were brilliant.

"I remember trying to talk him out of that acting business in favor of a professional photography career. But he laughed that one off. If Jim had made photography his vocation, he could have been right up there with the best of them. Maybe he would even be alive today.

"I liked Jim. That goes without saying. I liked him because he was a 'regular' guy—and because, perhaps, we had so much in common. He was from a farm in Indiana. Me? I was from a wheat farm in Kansas. We both came to New York for the same reason—to make something of ourselves.

"But I couldn't stay. Two or three months after I met Jim, my dad died and I had to return to Kansas and take care of the farm.

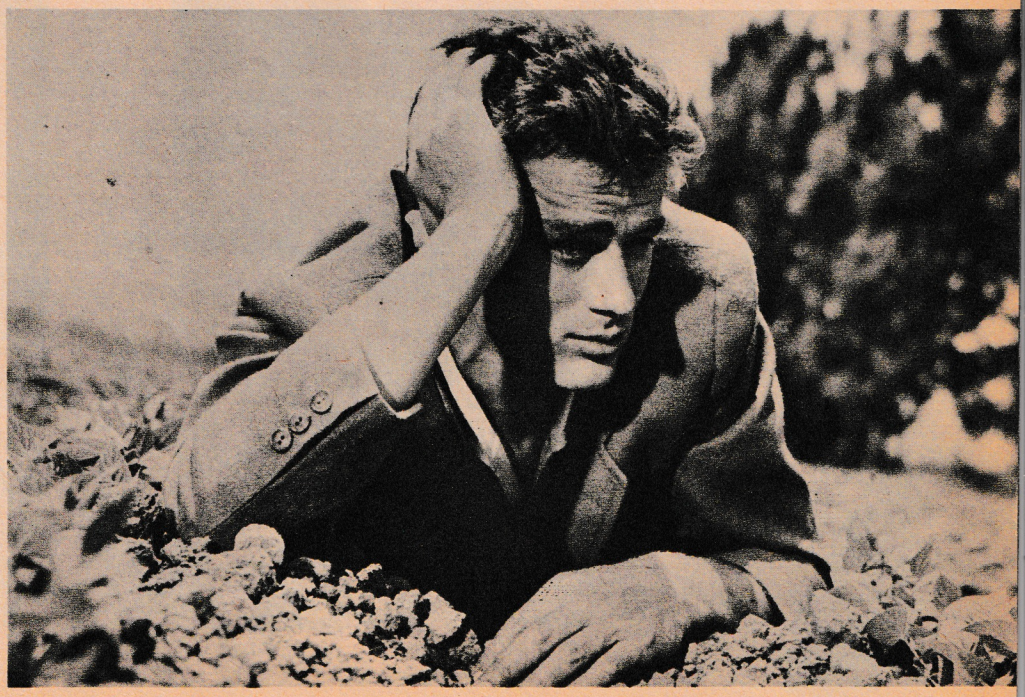
(Continued on page 62)



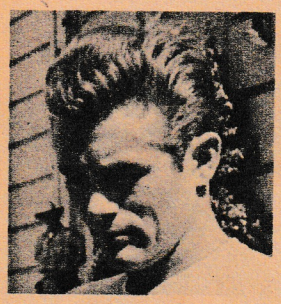
To ward off loneliness when he first hit New York, he often saw as many as three movies a day. Work as TV extra kept him going till stage break in *See The Jag*

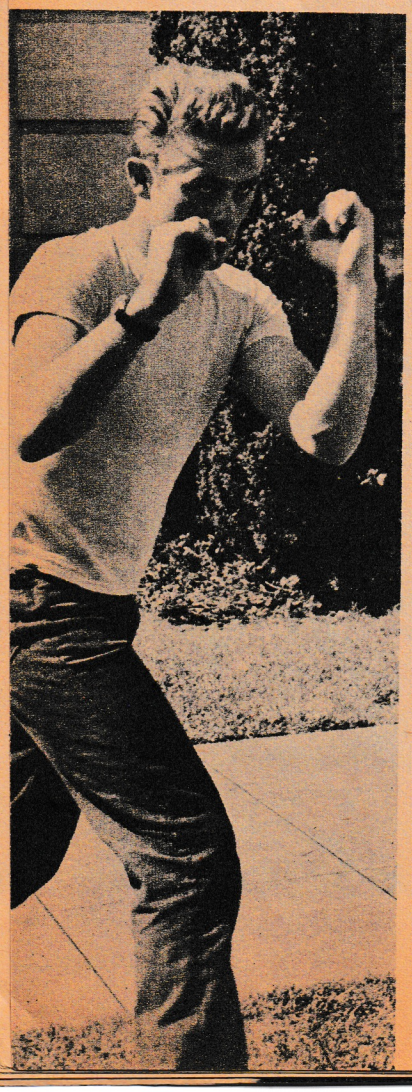
In Hollywood, he missed intellectual stimulation of study at Actors' Studio, trie seriously to interest other young players in forming a west coast branch. Elia Kazan was his idol; while working with him, Dean took pages of notes to help him when he fulfilled ambition to be a director hims

Even in his early New York days, Dean's sharp ups and downs in temperament made him hard to know. Looking back, his friends now see a foreshadowing of tragedy. Lee Strasberg, who coached him at Actors' Studio, says, "I always had a strange feeling there was in Dean a doomed quality." Jimmy himself recognized his complexities, once asserted, "Acting is the most logical way for people's neuroses to manifest themselves. Actors act so that they may express the fantasies in which they are themselves involved." Yet it is not true that Dean could only play a screen version of himself; best scene in *Giant* shows him as 50-year-old.



WHAT JIMMY DEAN DID TO HOLLYWOOD





Often stardom changes a young man. But filmdom's most electric new actor shocked, surprised and made a change in Hollywood itself.

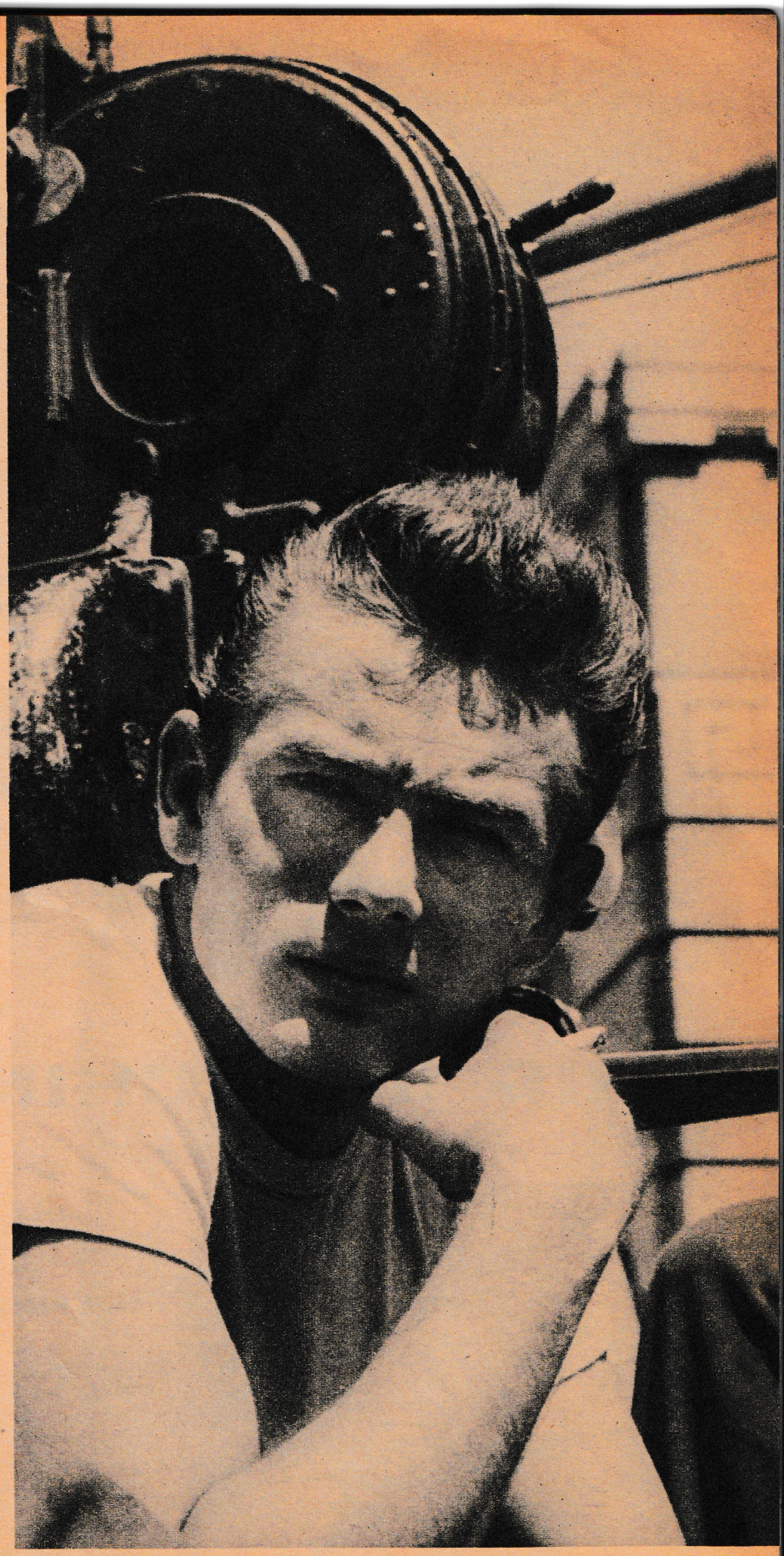
(Editor's note: This was one of the most important stories ever done on Jimmy Dean and it was printed, ironically enough, in the September, 1955 issue of MOVIE STARS PARADE. Since our supply of this magazine has long been exhausted, we are reprinting the piece here exactly as it was written.)

■ Less than a year ago, a young man, small of stature, intense and not particularly handsome in the conventional Hollywood way, burst like a skyrocket upon the screen. Where did he come from? Who was he? What was he like? And what has he done to Hollywood?

There is an answer to the first two questions. "Jimmy Dean's been around a long time," an agent told me recently in New York. "He's worked very hard. That kid really starved, working as a bus-boy, waiter, anything to keep on going because he wanted so much to be an actor. At first he did walk-ons, then bits, then larger parts on TV. I'd say that his opportunity to play on the stage and win awards for his part in *The Immoralist,* although he played only a small part, was the beginning of his recognition. He's a big talent . . . a moody kind of kid . . . but a big talent!"

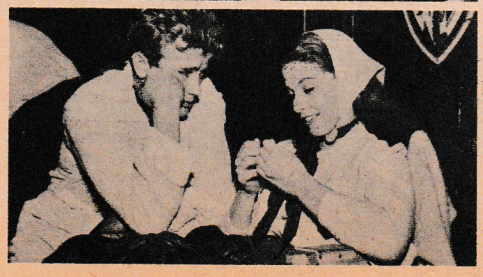
The answer to the third question "What is he like?" must remain something of an enigma. In spite of his brilliant success on the Hollywood scene, his off-stage behavior, his not conforming in any way to what Hollywood has and does expect a star to be, has been a little bewildering!

"I don't understand him at all," someone told me when Dean was making *East Of Eden* at Warner Brothers. "Who does he think he is . . . belligerent about the press . . . about being photographed? Why, he isn't even a star, yet! And maybe he won't be! It's all a gamble. He certainly isn't handsome . . . no glamour boy. He's sure an off-beat (*Continued on page* 64)



BY RUTH C. ROWLAND

HIS SEARCHING HEART



With Pier Angeli, it was real love . . .

They met on the *East Of Eden* set and before long it was an open secret their commissary lunches were more than friendly meetings. Jimmy, seeking something he had lost years before, found his wordless longing answered by Pier. Then one night Pier announced this was their last date, she'd accepted Vic Damone's proposal. The day she wed, Jimmy stood across the street from the church, crying. Friends say the break-up was caused by her mother, who objected to him because he was a non-Catholic; in fact, they'd had to sneak around to see each other. Though he dated many girls after that, none replaced Pier in Jimmy's heart.

With Vampira, it was friendship.

A good deal older than Jim, Vampira first attracted him with her eccentric charms. Well-known on the west coast for her weird TV program and ghoulish costumes, she frequented Googie's Restaurant —Jimmy's favorite spot. Knowing firsthand the lonely climb up the ladder to success, she befriended him in the same way she'd befriended Marlon Brando a few years earlier. He'd go to her apartment for advice, professional and romantic —nothing more. Contrary to an article in a recent scandal magazine, which tried to paint a sordid picture of their dates, the only relationship they had was on a platonic basis.

He confided in Ursula Andress . . .

Jimmy needed advice and the 19-year-old startlet from Germany tried desperately to help him. Though they fought like cats and dogs, Jimmy admitted it was fun making up. He liked her way of telling rock bottom truth, of not taking any nonsense from him. But it was this same lack of patience on her part that made them incompatible. Ursula tried, but when she felt it wasn't working out, she switched her affections to John Derek. Moody and sullen, Jimmy dogged her footsteps for weeks afterwards, peering in car windows at her and John, confronting them at restaurants, calling her at odd hours. But he was left out in the cold.

But with Natalie Wood he had fun.

On *Rebel Without A Cause* set, Jimmy and Natalie formed a bond of friendship that gave the lie to the people who said he was peculiar and only attracted "characters." Natalie at 17, is well-adjusted, popular and well-read. They both loved to listen to records, have deep talks. But most of all they shared an intense interest in their careers. After a day of grueling shooting, they'd meet for coffee and discuss the next day's scene. For Natalie, this was not just a bobby-soxer's crush; she's much more sophisticated than that. For Dean, it could have been a chance to open the shell that always seemed to enclose him.

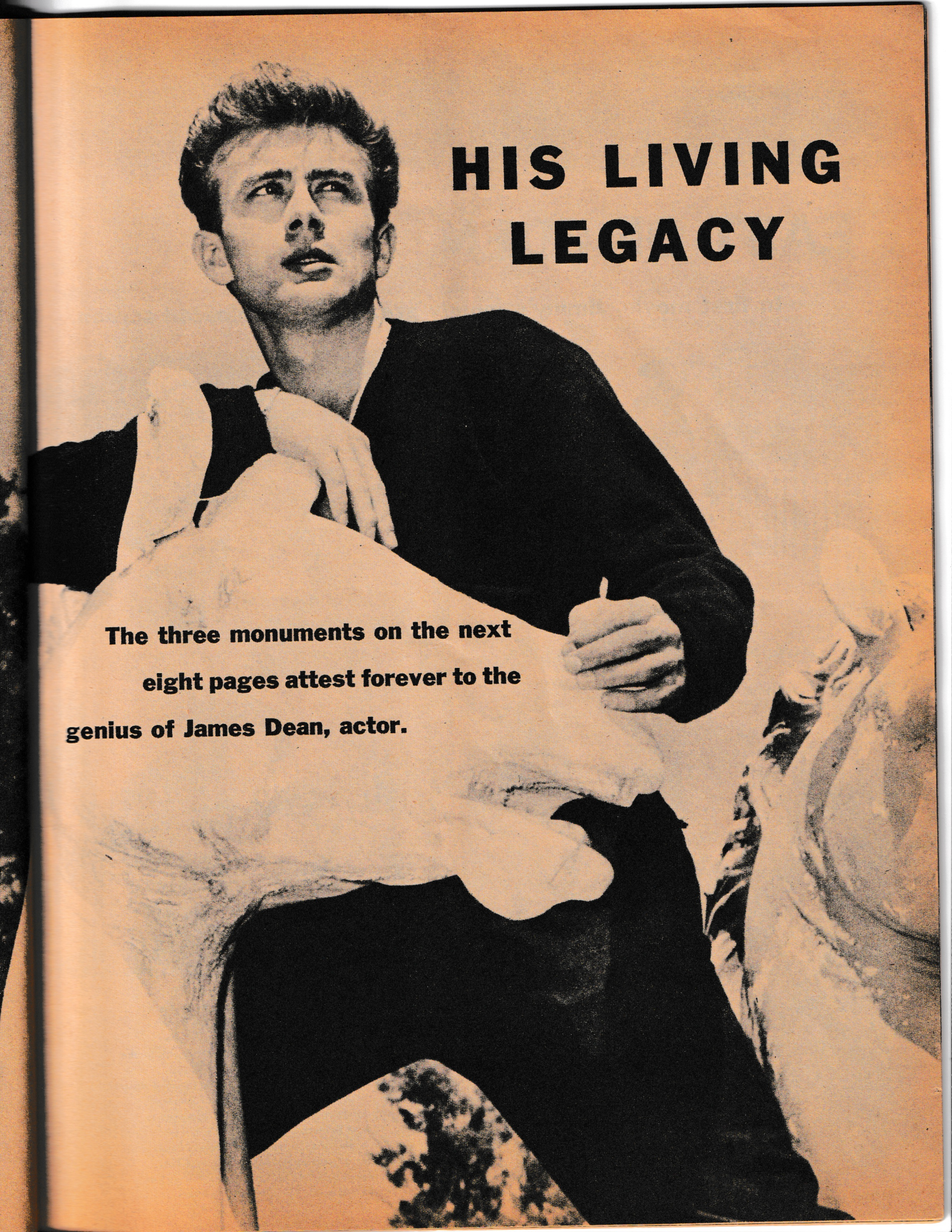
(Continued on next page)

(*Continued*)

Did he find a secret answer?

Jim was by nature always seeking—it was an essential part of his religion. To discover new things, as a child discovers a toy or dew on the grass or a playmate, was to live. Learning photography and the art of the bullfight, reading all available books on Existentialism were just a few of the fields he explored. When Jimmy became interested in something, he didn't just learn about it, he mastered it. But mastering a skill did not mean he was satisfied with himself; he was always trying to outdo or better his accomplishment. . . . The people he mingled with were by choice not the ones who would be best for his career. They were people who, because they themselves were honest and interesting, could offer him new experience, new insight. The girls he dated ranged from poor, struggling actresses to heiresses (on location in Texas for *Giant* he spent many free hours with wealthy Fran Bennett from San Antonio). This was all part of his search to find himself . . . Since Jimmy's death, there have been, however, a series of persistent rumors that he had ended this search. One stems from a girl in North California who has been besieging our office as well as every other fan magazine office in New York and on the coast with letters that Jimmy did find a secret answer to his searching heart. He found her and made her his secret wife. She writes that she and Jimmy were married five months and lived "in a faded white house with colorful flowers in the front yard." She even says that a few days before his death, she told him he would be a father by last April. To find out whether there was any truth to her story, we thoroughly investigated every clue in her letter, even checked with Jimmy's closest friends. As you might have expected, the story was full of holes. No one had ever heard of her, no less met her. Most important, at the time she claims to have become pregnant, Jim was many hundreds of miles away in Marfa, Texas . . . There have been two other persistent rumors. One is that Jimmy isn't dead at all. A New York columnist instigated this with an item that Jimmy was so badly maimed in the accident that he's in hiding. Coincidental with this rumor is the one that his mind has been shattered. Knowing the details of his death (the official records of his accident state that death was almost instantaneous), there can obviously be no fact attached to these tales. The other rumor circulating is that Jimmy deliberately sought death as the answer to his constant search. This is based on the reputedly true story that he left messages of farewell to a confidential friend, the same friend who'd suggested he get rid of the motorcycle. Though no one has seen these messages, there is a possibility of their existence—and a perfectly normal explanation for them. Did he really want to die? More probably he recognized the possibility of death if he pushed too hard during the race at Salinas and was just leaving his affairs in order should there be an accident. But to actually seek death, when he had everything to live for, seems well nigh impossible. If he did find a secret answer, Jimmy took it with him to the grave.

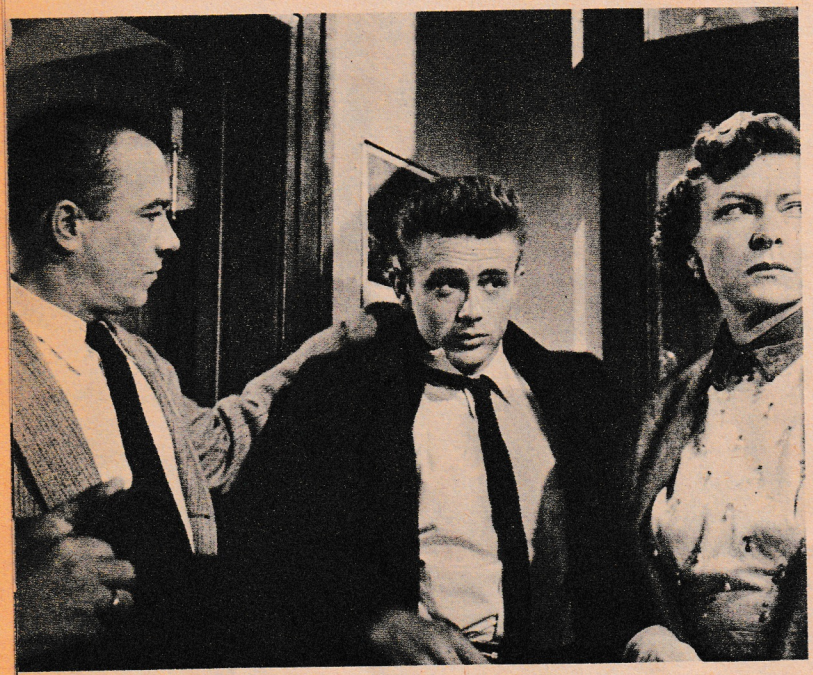
HIS LIVING LEGACY



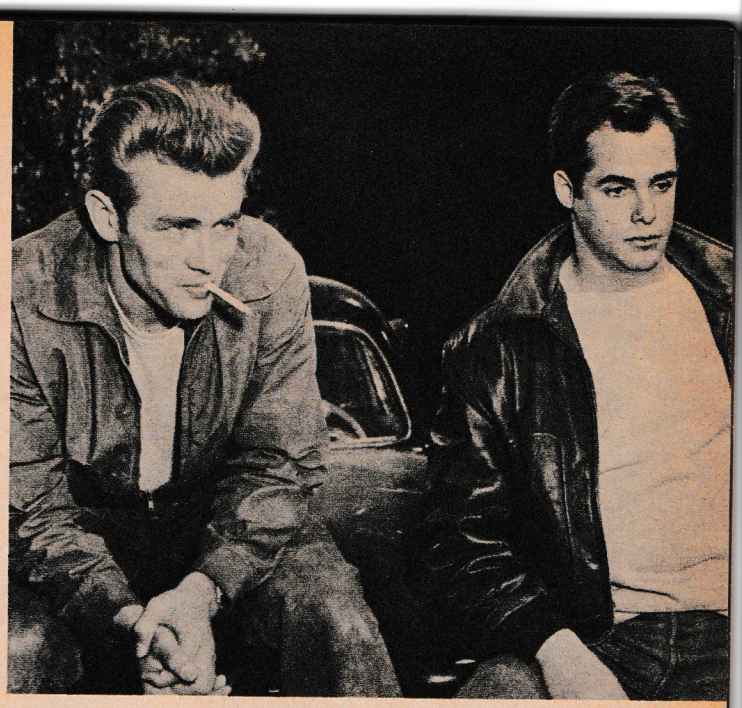
The three monuments on the next eight pages attest forever to the genius of James Dean, actor.

REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE

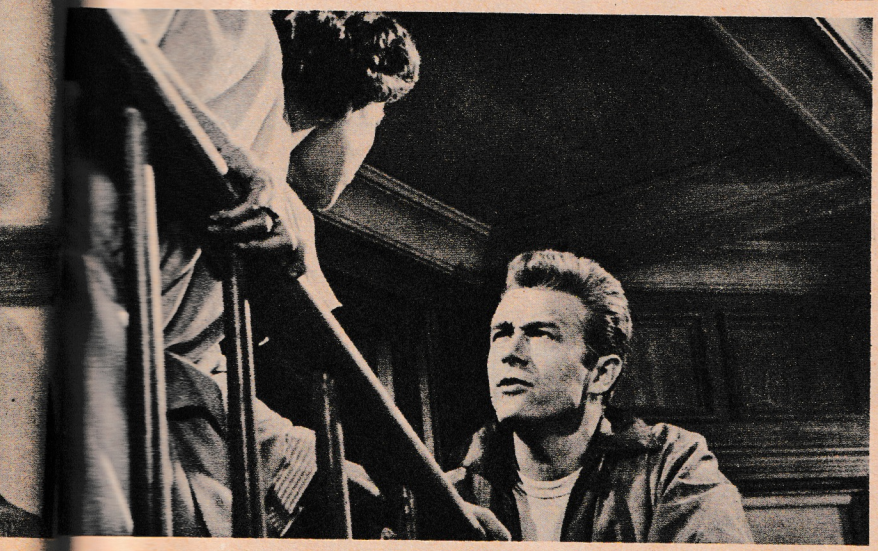
Next role, as misunderstood teen, showed scope of his genius.



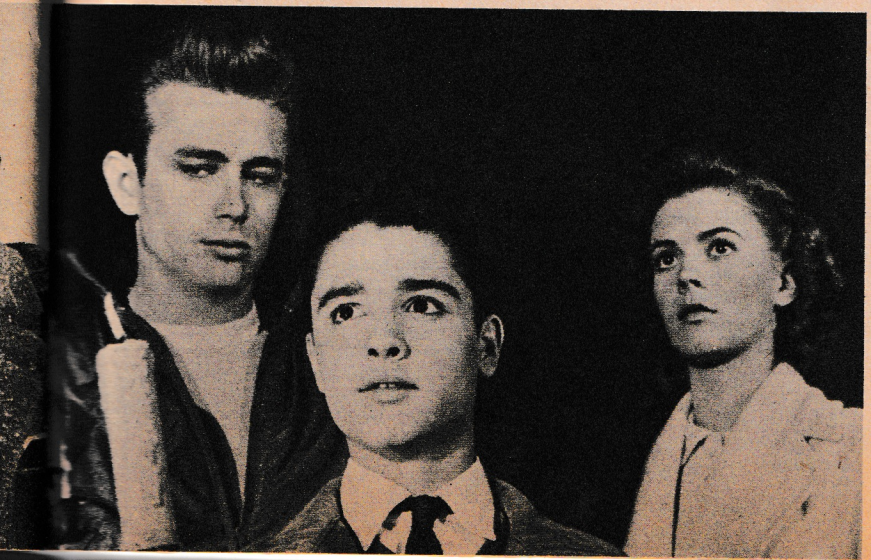
A man is found beaten up and Jim, drunk and unruly, is picked up for questioning. At the police station are some other kids, including Natalie Wood, who's been wandering around the streets after 1:00 a.m., and Sal Mineo, who's shot some puppies. When his parents finally arrive, Jim reveals his disrespe especially for his Milquetoast father. Only juvenile officer Edward Platt understands his feeling. The next morning on the way to his first day at a new school, Jim meets Natalie, offers her a ride in his car. She refuses and speeds away with a gang of hot rodders. His sole friend is Sal, who warns him not to fool with Natalie's boyfriend, leader Buzz (Corey Alle



Evening comes . . . Jim goes to the plateau where the gang has assembled and learns the rules of a "chickie run"—each boy is to drive a hot rod to the edge of a cliff and the first to jump out is "chicken." With Natalie giving the signal, the test is on. Jim leaps from his car in time but Buzz can't get loose and plunges to death. The crowd scatters. Jim tells his parents. As usual when he is in trouble, they want to leave town. Jim accuses them of causing his badness, then seeks out Platt at the station house. He isn't there.



That afternoon the class goes to the Planetarium. Jim, feeling left out, tries to join in the wisecracks Buzz and his gang make but his overtures only anger them. After the lecture, they wait for Jim. Buzz taunts him by slashing the tires of his car with a switchblade knife, then slapping his face. Someone tosses a knife to Jim but the fight is broken up with the boys receiving only a few scratches. Buzz and Jim plan to meet that night in a "chickie run." Returning home, Jim is disgusted to find his father in an apron. He rushes up to his room. When his father follows him, Jim reveals his wound and what he has to do. Jim's dad doesn't have the strength to stop him. At the same time, Natalie, looking for love from her dad, is rebuked. She rushes to meet the gang.

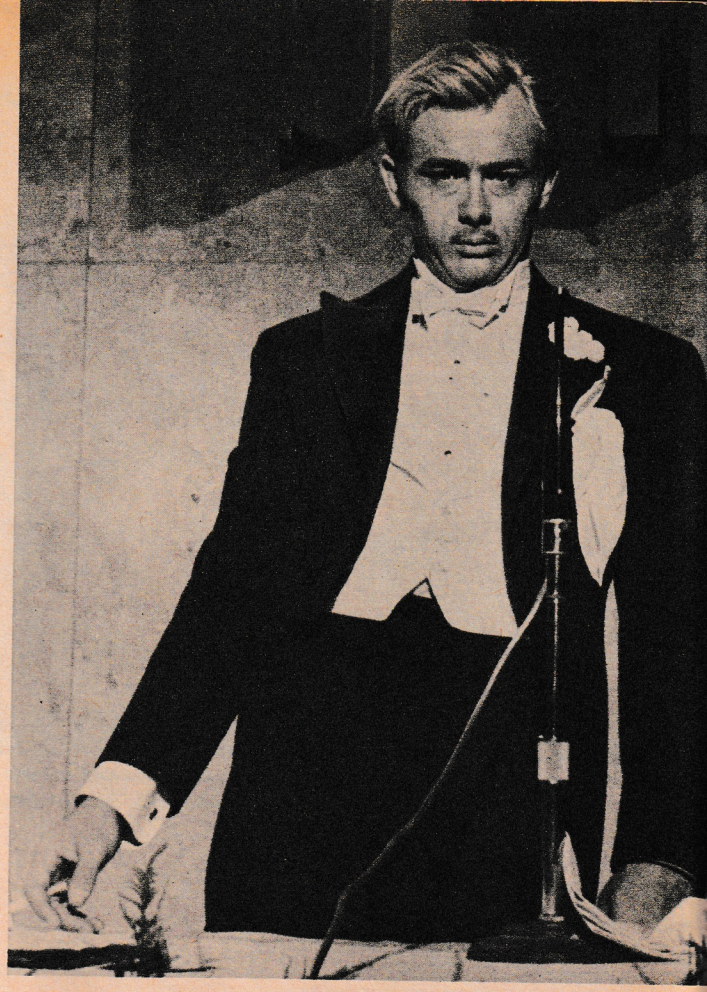


Accidentally, Jim and Natalie meet in an alley. They decide to hide in an abandoned mansion Sal had mentioned. Meanwhile, Sal is beaten up by members of the gang who are searching for Jim. Grabbing his gun, Sal goes to warn Jim, whom he idolizes in place of his own dad. But the gang finds the hideout. Sal shoots, then runs off to the Planetarium. As cops and parents converge, Jim calms Sal; but the glare of searchlights panics him again. He is stopped forever by a policeman's bullet. Almost too late, the parents come to understand their children.

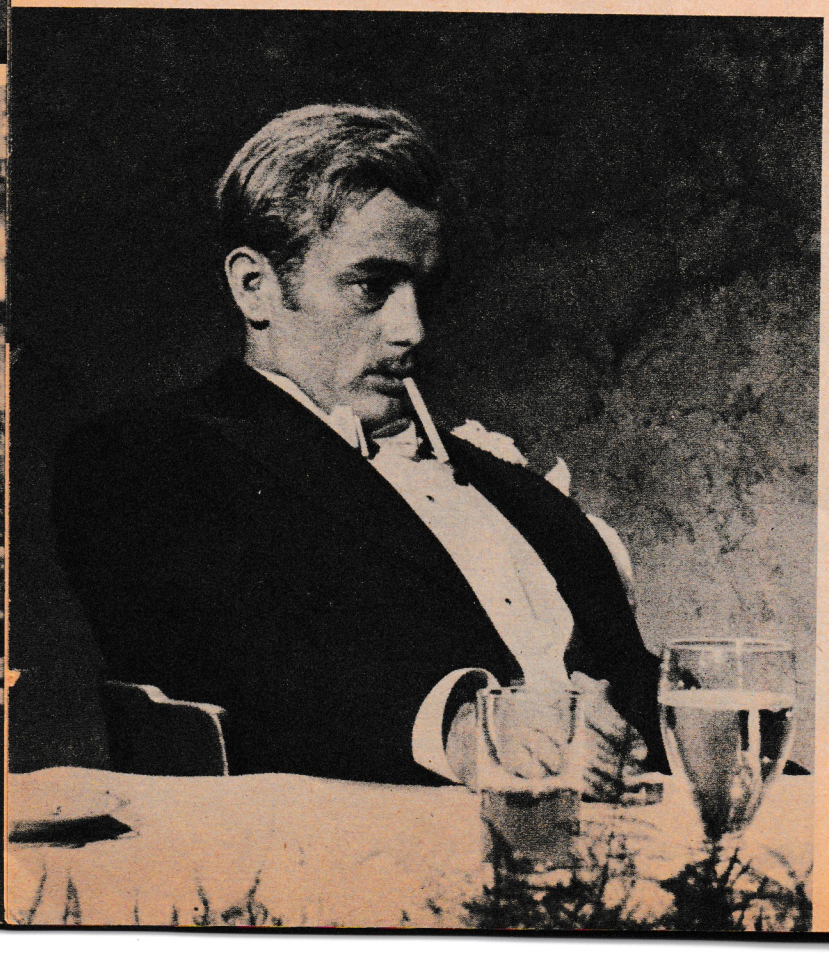
JAMES DEAN'S GREATEST PERFORMANCE

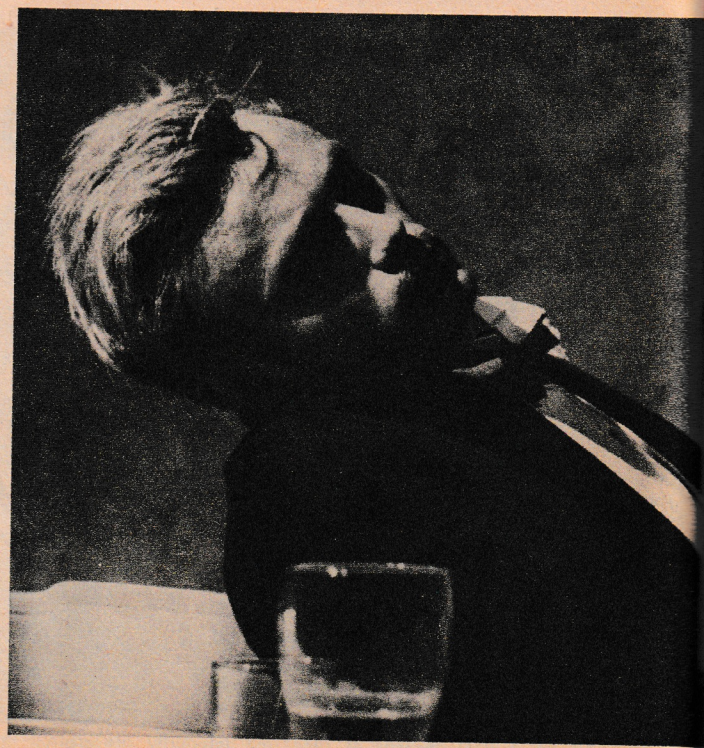
(Continued)

THROUGHOUT the shooting of *Giant* both in Texas and in Hollywood, the set was "open"—that is, reporters and spectators were permitted to watch at any time. But producer Henry Ginsberg and director George Stevens agreed that for one scene the set should be closed, because of its staggering demands upon the actors' talent. When the scene was finished, the only audience—hardened crewmen and technicians—stood silent and shaken, eyes filled with tears. This is the scene.



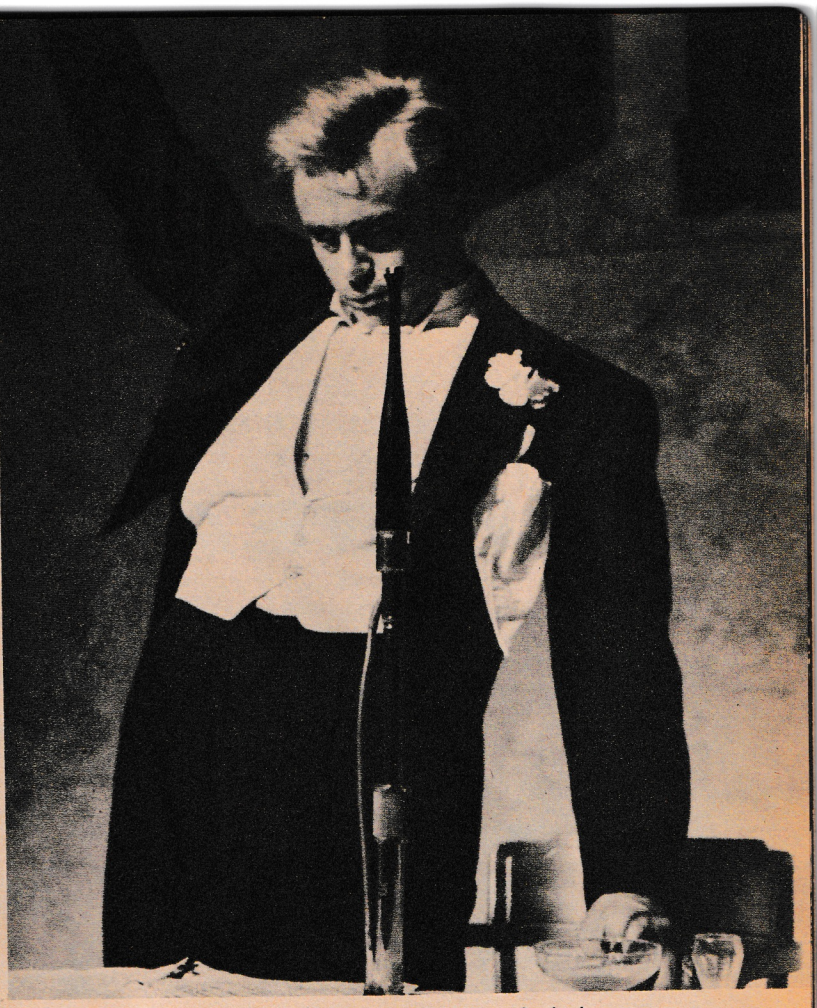
Returning to the speaker's table, Jett passes out before he can deliver his speech. When he revives, the guests are gone, he is alone in the room.



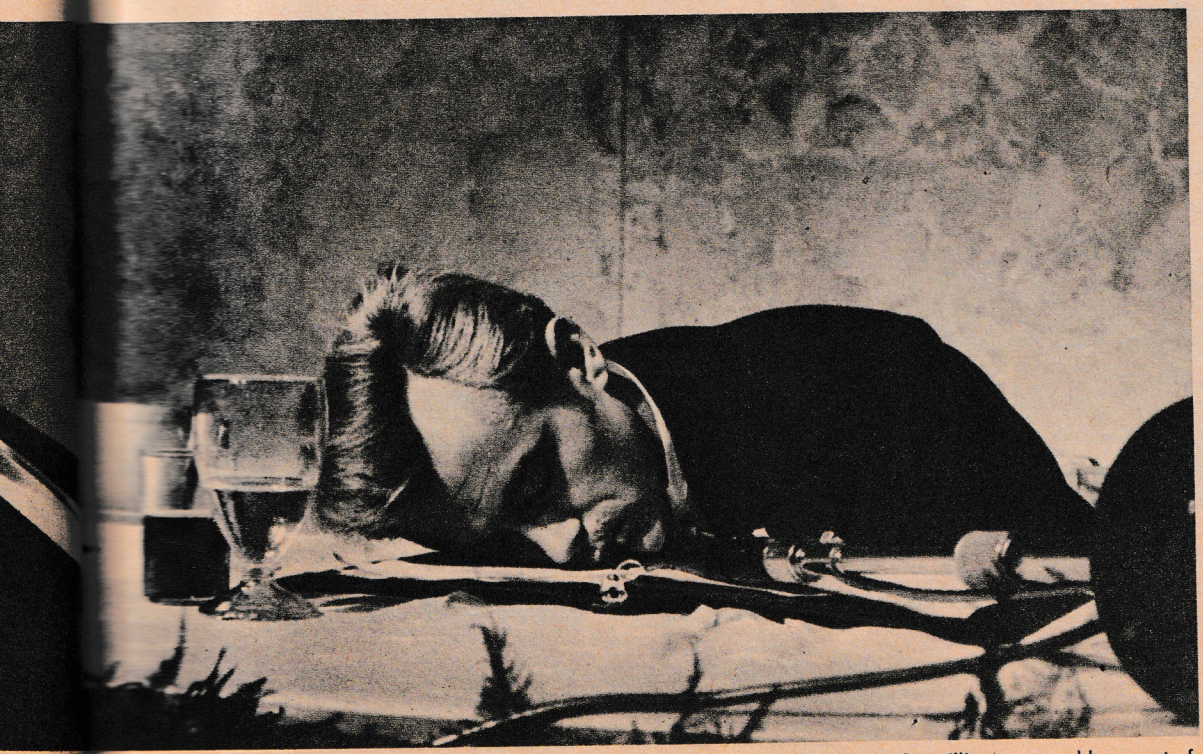


Unable to go on, he sinks to a chair. Slowly, as his mind begins to clear, he realizes his pitiful failure. Broken and agonized, he tries to fight back at the terrible truth, in a final helpless effort pulls himself together enough to make another lunge at the speaker's mike.

In his befuddled state he imagines that the people are still there, and his social triumph is at hand. Forcefully, he begins to speak.



Rambling and incoherent, he plunges into the address he had so carefully prepared, his drunken behavior making a mockery of every line.



He falls on his face upon the mike and the text that was to win him more than his millions ever could—respect of his fellowmen. He has lost his girl, Luz Benedict, too. Feeling that her brother and father have ruined Jett's big day, she rushes back to him, only to stop at the door, bitterly disillusioned by seeing him in such a disgraceful state, then turns away to go home to her folks. Thus Jett learns all his riches cannot buy what he needs—love.

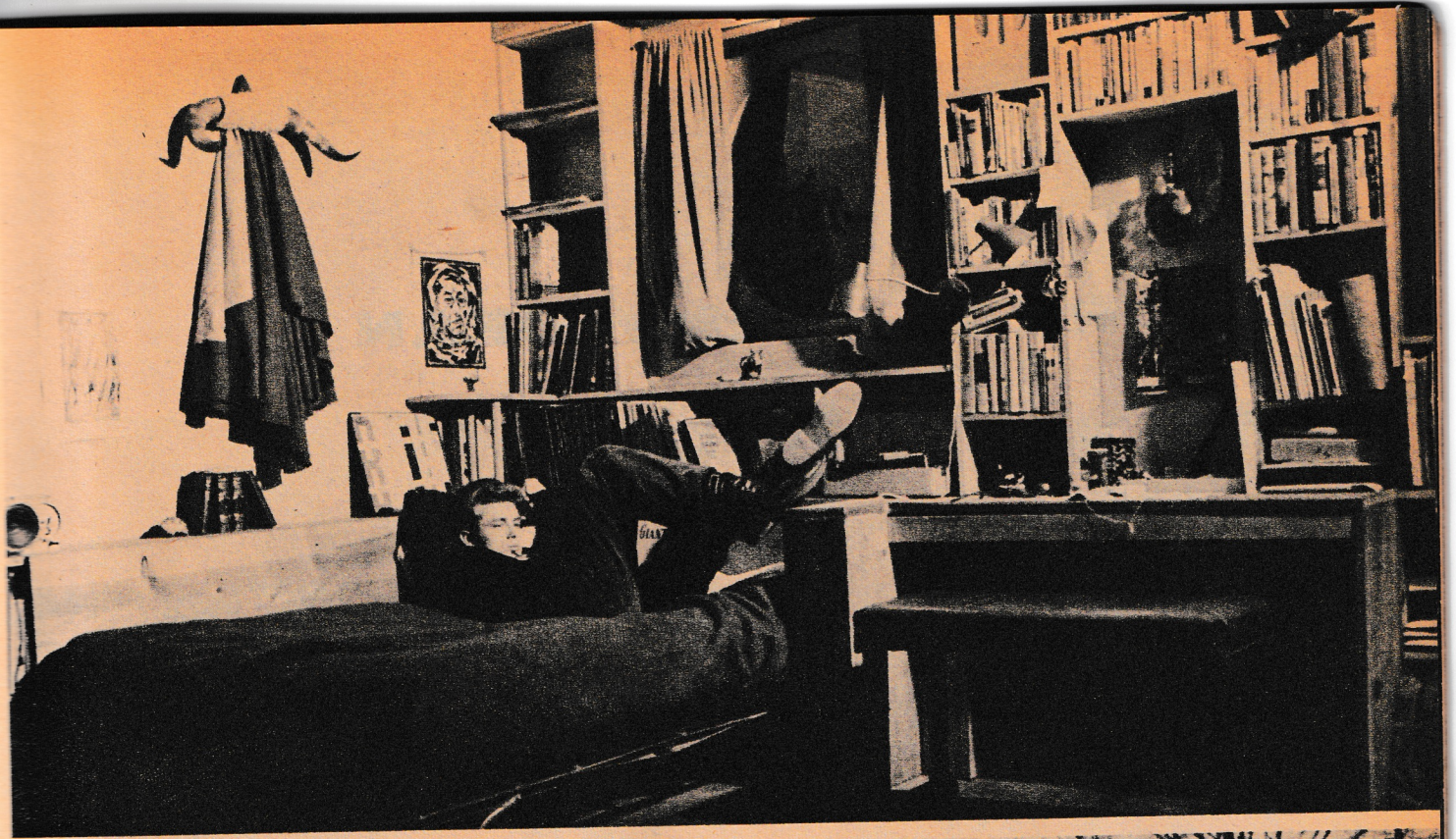
In dance class with Eartha
he was a willing, if awkward, pupil. C
enthusiasms reflected in his apart
were bull-fighting, reading and bongo d
which he even took home to the f

THE REAL JIMMY DEAN

For Jim, life was a quest and his goal was

James Dean once said, "If I live to be a hundred, there won't be time to do everything I want." Sadly he did not live even one quarter of that time and of all the dreams that died with him perhaps the greatest was his life-long dream of finding himself.

It is no secret that there were many in Hollywood who did not understand, and therefore did not like, Jimmy. They considered his awkward withdrawal a kind of snobbishness, his inability to communicate, deliberate rudeness. In his relations with the press,



to find himself. How well did he succeed?

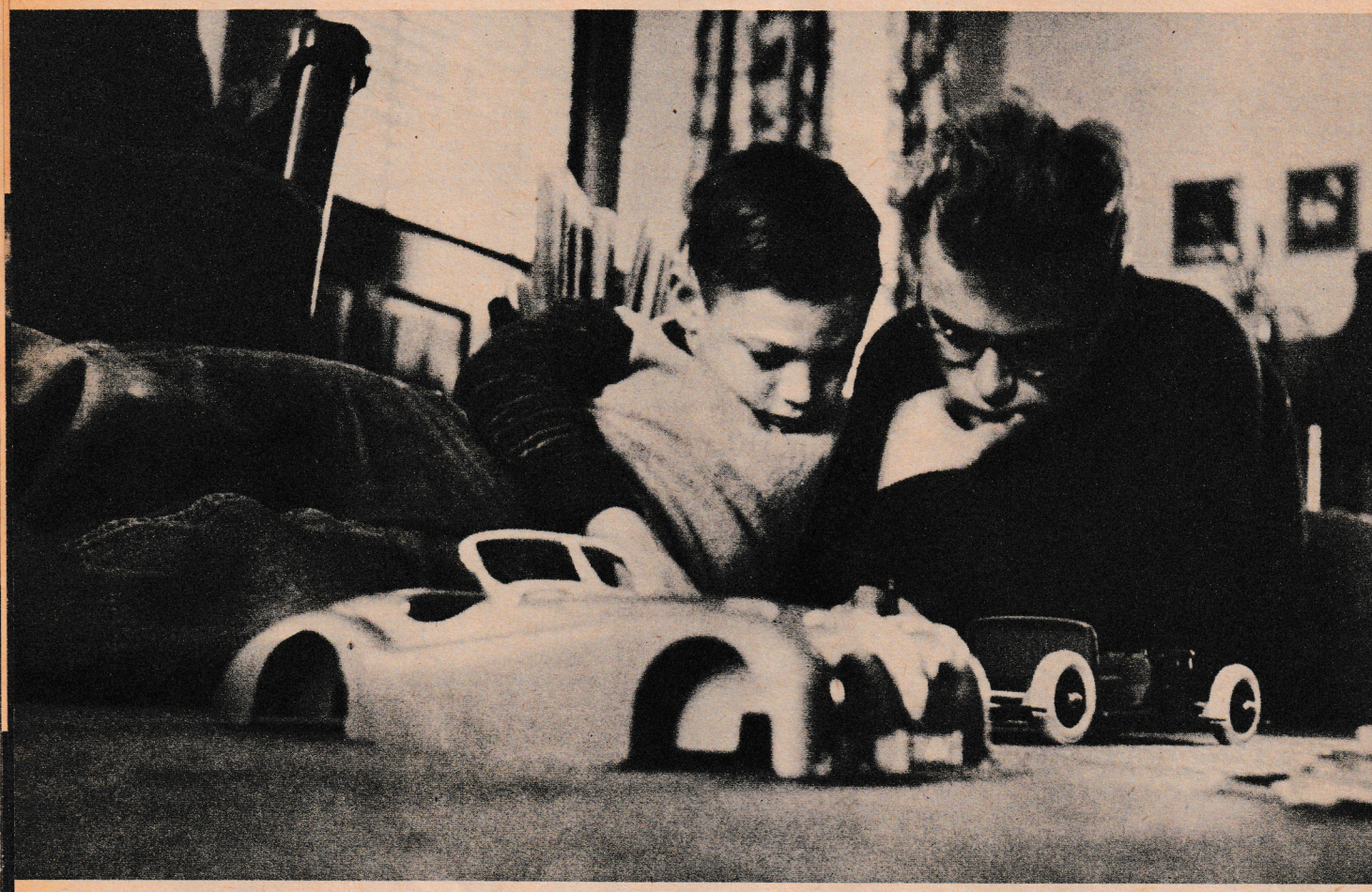
he was particularly unfortunate. He did not feel that what he ate for breakfast or what he wore to bed had any bearing on his stature as an artist and he avoided the reporters who asked these questions.

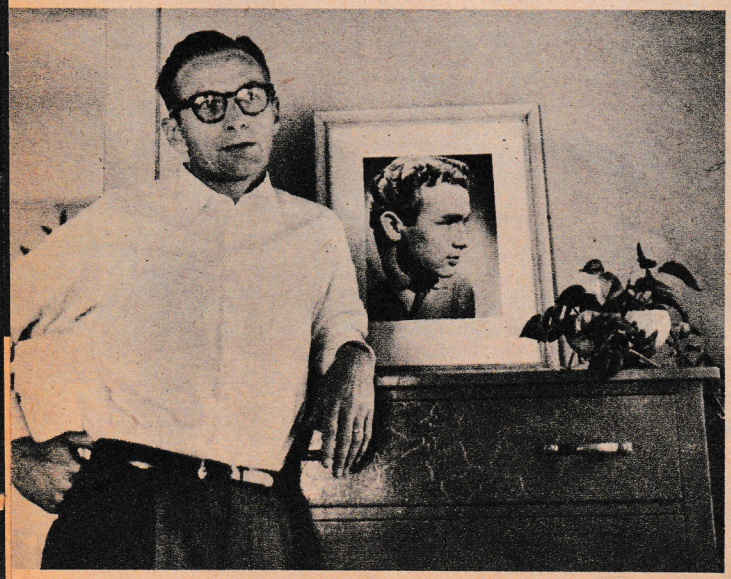
Similarly he ran from those who posed deeper, more philosophical queries, for in all honesty he did not always know the answers himself.

How did he act? Why did he act? Where was he going from here? When Dean streaked across the screen in *East Of Eden*, there was a tendency to brush off his genius with a (*Continued on next page*)

BY ALICE PACKARD

THE REAL JIMMY DEAN *(Continued)*





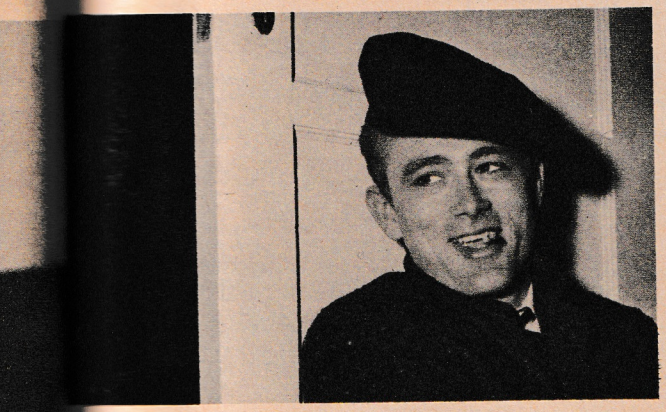
He had a special kinship with children, could lose himself as completely in world of toy automobiles as his small cousin. Though his dad (above) had remarried, he and Jim still kept up close ties.

too-pat comparison to Marlon Brando. Many a lesser star (and person) would have bristled with indignation and wounded ego. But Jimmy Dean evaluated it calmly and fairly.

"People were telling me I behaved like Brando before I knew who Brando was," he said. "I am not disturbed by the comparison, nor am I flattered. I have my own personal rebellions and don't have to rely on Brando's.

"However it is true I am constantly reminding people of him. People only see the end result and compare it with the last commercial success that comes to mind. They discover resemblances; we are both from farms, dress as we please, ride motorcycles and work for Elia Kazan.

"As an actor I have no desire to behave like Brando—and I don't attempt to. Nevertheless, it is difficult not to be impressed, not to speak in a similar way, since we're both from the same school of acting.



Jimmy delighted intimates with off-beat sense of humor. For a photog friend he burlesqued current ad (right); with Burl Ives he hammed way through recorder concerto.

"I find, however, that the more I work the less I tend to fall back on Brandoism. Within myself are expressions just as valid or more valid. And I'll have a few years to develop my own—what shall I say—style."

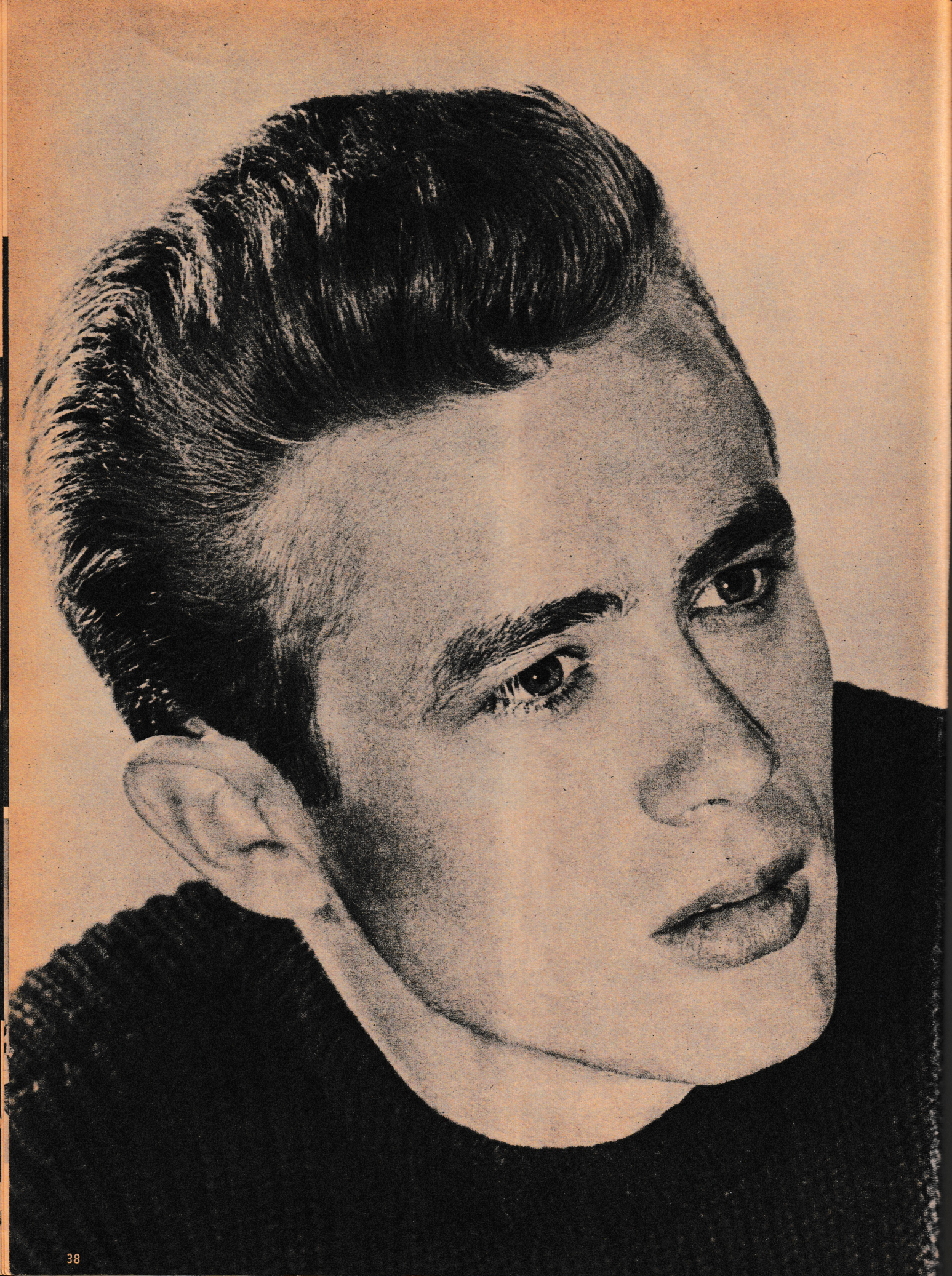
Though the years were denied him, the style was there. As an actor, Jimmy had found himself but as a person, he was still searching.

He was not, for instance, even convinced that acting was the final creative outlet he sought. He was an artist and a good one. He left notebooks filled with poetry. He formed a company to produce films for TV. He hoped to try directing. And he was investing his money so that someday he might own a theater. There was so much in him to be said, to be shared, and perhaps because he sensed how short a time remained, he drove himself endlessly to find expression.

One of the people who knew the real Dean well was photographer Dennis Stock. They met at a party at director Nick Ray's shortly after the sneak preview of *East Of Eden*. Dennis gave Jimmy the conventional compliments on his performance, then stayed with him for a talk that revealed how very much they had in common. From that night, he was as close to him as Jimmy ever permitted anyone to be.

In Hollywood, they got together for long evenings of probing conversation, sessions with the camera (at which Jim was a talented and enthusiastic buff) and comparisons of their sports cars. So close were they that when Jimmy flew back to Indiana to see his family, he invited Dennis along. It was then that the home photographs on pages 35 and 36, perhaps the most revealing Dean ever permitted, were taken.

In Indiana, Stock saw clearly the two personalities that were Jimmy Dean. The first, the farm boy who had never grown completely away from home, fell (*Continued on page* 63)



HIS TRUE GREATNESS

From the producer of *Giant*, a salute to genius.

■ James Dean impressed me as a young man eager to accomplish much as quickly as possible. He certainly was successful in motion pictures. In 16 months of film acting he left a more lasting impression on the public than many stars do in 30 years.

After working with him on *Giant* I can understand why the impact of his personality was so great. Though he was not an easy person to know, it was worth breaking through his reserve. He was naturally shy and did not like to make small talk. Once Jimmy felt he could trust a person he opened up. He was an exciting and stimulating person to be with. I believe he could be described as a genius.

He was well informed on many subjects. Jimmy believed an actor must do more than portray himself on the screen. His performance should be a bit of life. He reasoned that to be able to give realistic portrayals an actor should learn as much and do as many different things as possible. He was always studying.

Jimmy was a perfectionist in everything he attempted. His manner of approach to the role of Jett Rink, the Texas ranch hand who becomes an oil millionaire in *Giant*, was an example.

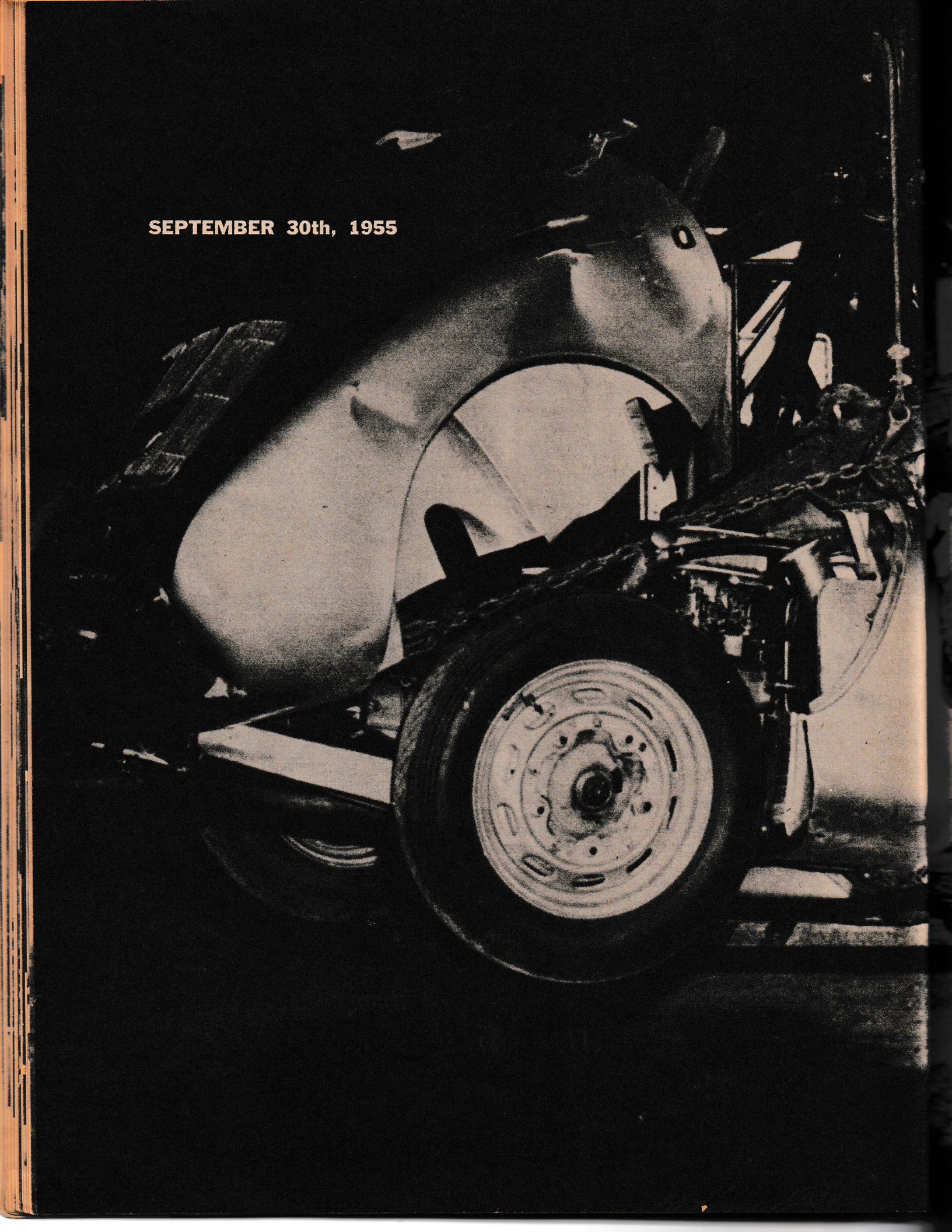
Any good actor would have spent many hours learning a Texas accent as Jimmy did. But the average actor wouldn't have done the many little extra things Jimmy did to make his portrayal as nearly perfect as possible. He rode horseback daily, he learned to rope cattle and to play a guitar. He didn't have to do any of these in the picture. Yet Jimmy felt he would obtain a deeper understanding for the character if away from the set he did what was natural for Jett.

Jimmy's skill with the rope paid off concretely in one sequence. It was inside the big mansion of Jett's employers, played by Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson. Jimmy nonchalantly did a rope trick as he delivered his lines. Needless to say, he stole the scene.

My admiration for Jimmy grew during the months I was privileged to know him. He was one of the rare people about whom one can truly say, "He is not dead." James Dean and the magic quality he had on the screen will never be forgotten.

By HENRY GINSBERG

(Top) Working intimately with Jimmy on his last film were director and co-producer George Stevens, author Edna Ferber and producer Henry Ginsberg who wrote the tribute above. They knew his serious side at work (center), the carefree boyishness with which he could relax (below). Jimmy loved children, would always find time for them when they came to the set, never turned them away from his door at home. His dream was for kids of his own.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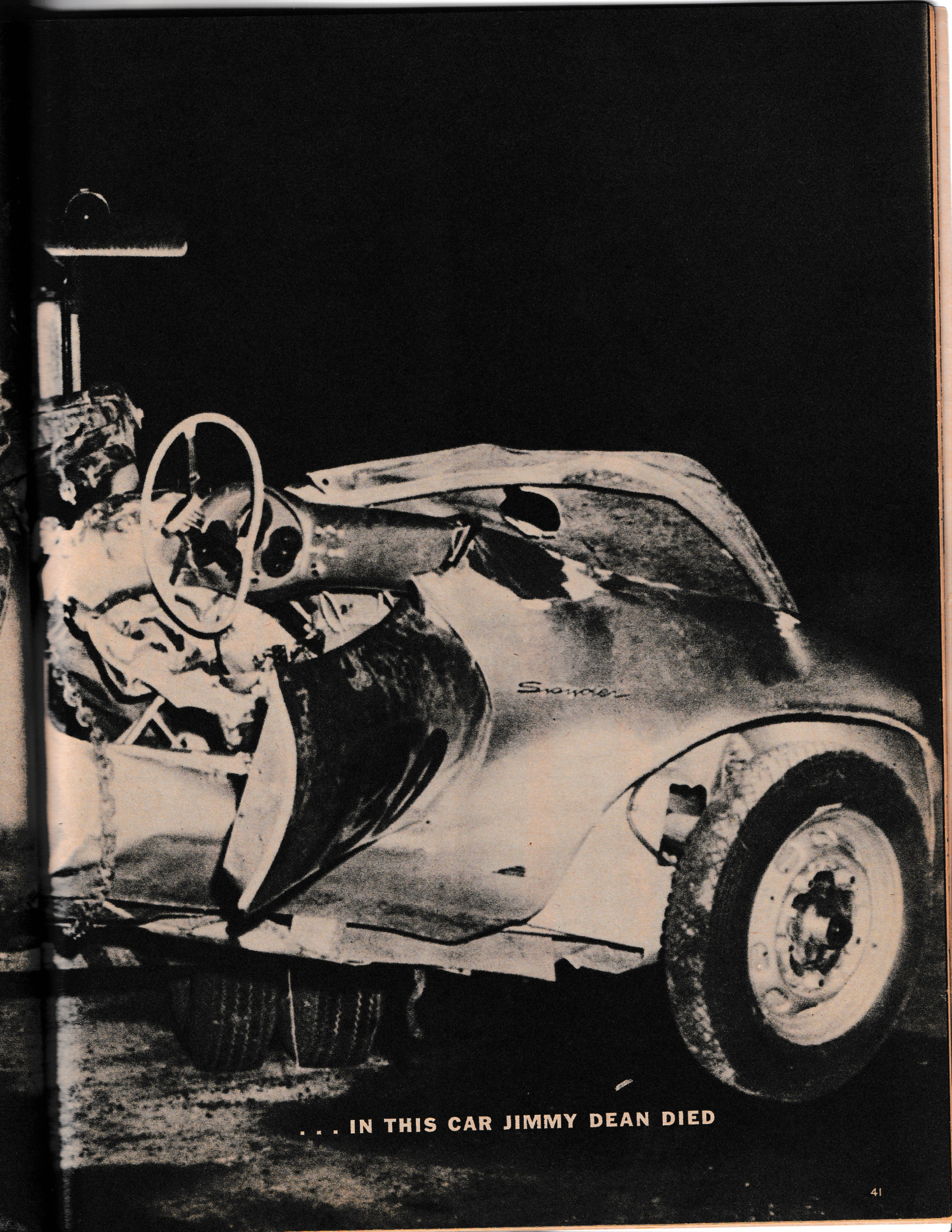
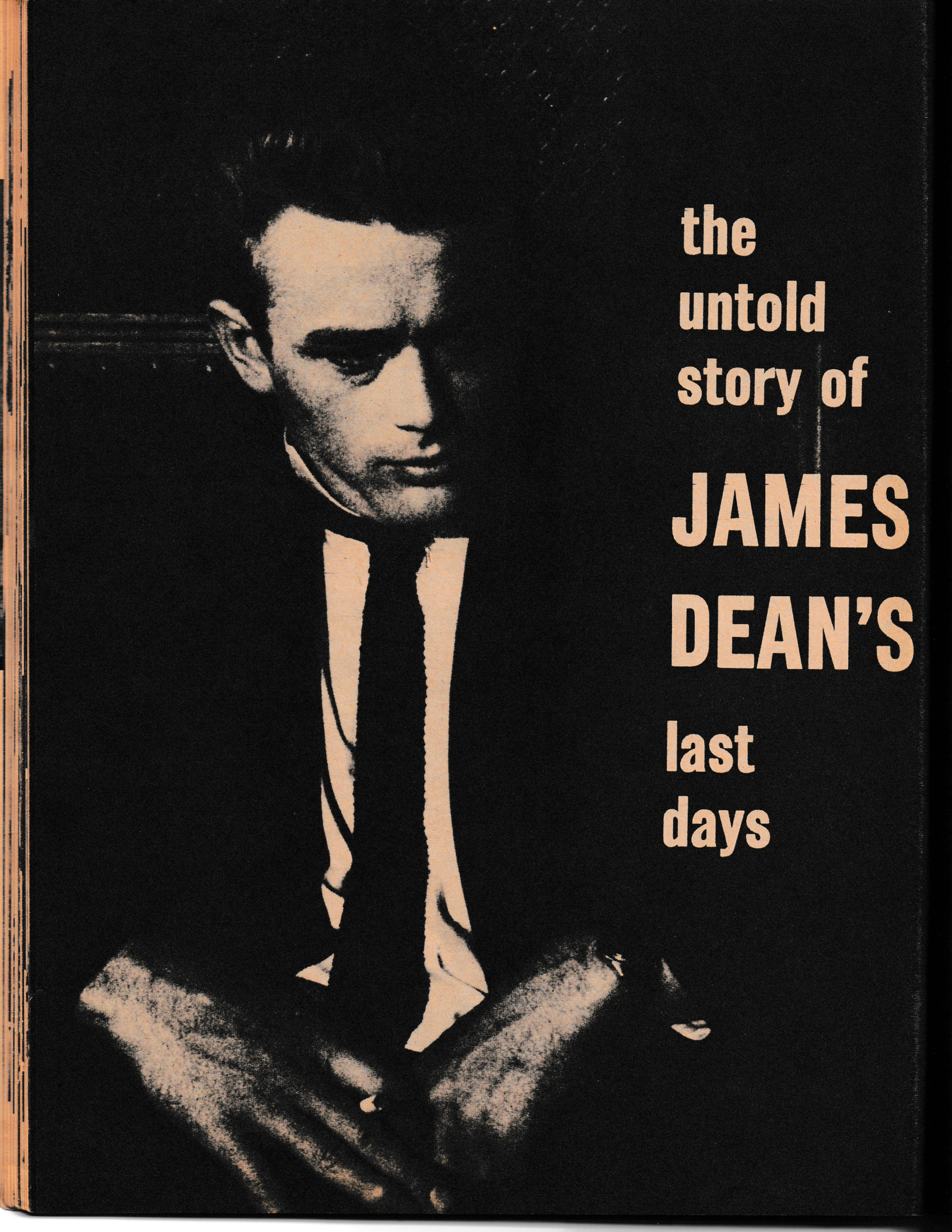


. . . IN THIS CAR JIMMY DEAN DIED



the untold story of JAMES DEAN'S last days

As heartbreaking as the passing of this great young actor are the real reasons why he sought escape from this world in speeding cars. This is the truth about the accident that killed James Dean.

■ *The sleek, low-slung Porsche Spyder bolted along Highway 466 near Paso Robles, California, like a streak of greased lightning. It was a beautiful car. It cost $7,000. "This baby'll do 150 miles an hour," cried the young man at the wheel to his companion, over the powerful throb of the motor. Then he smiled. An exultant smile. A smile of triumph. Here, at one with the elements of motion and space, a man could be free. . . .*

A grinding screech of brakes, as another car appeared suddenly at an intersection. A horrifying crash of tearing, crumbling metal. And then, the awful stillness that always descends upon the scene of a serious accident, until it was rent by the screaming sirens of patrol cars and an ambulance rushing from a hospital in Cholame.

Dazed and shaken, Donald Turnupseed, a young college student, emerged from the wreckage with only minor injuries. He'd been driving alone, and was making a left turn at the intersection when the collision came.

The two occupants of the other car couldn't get out. Gravely injured, they were taken from what, just a few moments before, had been the shiny, new Porsche —now a pile of smoldering junk. It had been hit in the center, virtually sliced in two. Would either be alive when the ambulance reached the hospital? One of them, identified as Rolf Weutherich, 28, a mechanic and friend of the driver, made it. The driver didn't make it. Suffering from multiple fractures of both arms and internal injuries, James Dean, 24, Hollywood's most brilliant young actor, died.

In all the grief-stricken hearts the inevitable question welled up: Why? What was it that compelled Jimmy Dean to pursue this dangerous, deadly hobby of racing sports cars? For it was this, indirectly, that led to his death; he was on his way to the road races at Salinas when the accident occurred.

To understand it, you have to delve into the complexities of Jimmy's intense, moody character—and into the events of the days just before the fatal crash.

Just a few weeks before, Jimmy had seemed to be happier, more at peace with his world than he had since he came to Hollywood. He had made the discovery that, in spite of the many phonies that feed upon an actor's fame, he had many real friends in the cinema city. It seemed that, at last, Jimmy really felt he "belonged." He talked enthusiastically about a plan to bring a branch of the famed New York Actors' Studio, where he got his training, to Hollywood for the benefit of the young players there. He was just as enthusiastic about his own future, confided that he was going to save his money and invest it wisely, with a view to producing and directing his own films. He constantly carried about the set what he called his "director's notebook," jotting down all the information he could get.

He'd found a new romance, too, with pretty starlet Ursula Andress. Dressed in a tux—very rare for him—he took her to the benefit of the Thalians, a group of young people with charitable aims.

Then, he and Ursula quarreled, and she broke off the romance. "Oh, I wish I hadn't," she cried hysterically between sobs, when she heard the news.

In her grief, the poor girl tried to blame herself, though in fact she'd done everything she could to help Jimmy. He was, Ursula reveals, a soul-searcher, always examining himself, trying to improve, and constantly asking for advice. "He needed desperately someone to understand him," says 19-year-old Ursula. "I tried to help and to love him, but it didn't work."

That Jimmy had a high regard for Ursula, nevertheless, is evident in the fact that she was the person to whom he came with his new Porsche, to share with her the thrill that he got from it.

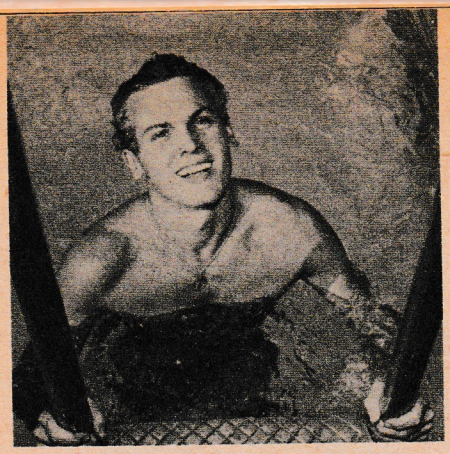
But friends close to him say that, though he didn't show it, Jim was haunted by his old love for Pier Angeli, a love from which he never quite recovered.

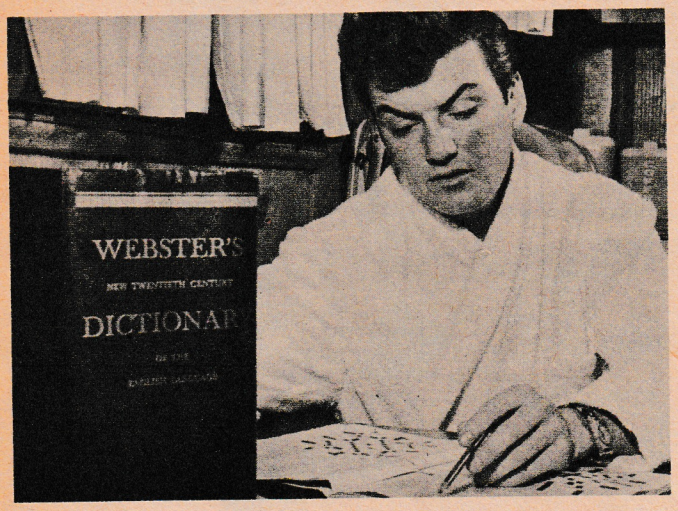
Yet there was something else, something Jim gave away in one short sentence he uttered shortly before he died: "My fun days are over." This statement, which few took note of, holds the key to the story.

Those who recklessly condemn Jimmy for his love of speed racing should stop and think what it's like to be only 24 years old, and saddled with tremendous responsibility. Jim Dean was looked upon as a great actor, with a fabulous future. Millions of dollars, the jobs of countless studio people, were being staked on that future, and he knew it. And he had every intention of fulfilling that enormous obligation, of abandoning all the thrilling sports, the fun times.

The road race at Salinas was Jimmy's last fling. In his speeding car, with the wind rushing past and the hum of the motor like a song in his ears, he could say goodbye, if only for a few moments, to the heavy cares that burdened his shoulders, the fears, the loneliness of being misunderstood and unloved. And goodbye to youth. Goodbye . . . Goodbye. . . .

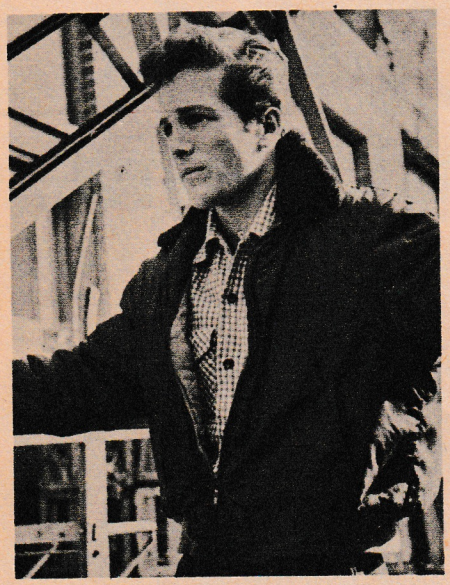
James Dean is free forever, now. Free from a life that brought him fame, but little happiness.





what Jimmy Dean's death did to Hollywood

Who are the friends who still mourn . . . the young actors who follow his path?



TAB HUNTER was fan mail king of the Warner lot till Dean appeared; boys were casual friends, never rivals.
BILL CAMPBELL, whose looks are as off-beat as Dean's but in a darker way, shares some of his acting intensity.
STEVE ROWLAND, spared by a trick of fate from making tragic trip with Jim, is another testing for Dean-type parts.

BY RUTH C. ROWLAND

■ Only a few months ago I wrote a story on what Jimmy Dean had done to Hollywood . . . what the impact of his brilliant artistry and moody off-beat personality did to an industry which for so long had selected only the "conventional, handsome guy" for stardom . . . how this young, exciting actor by sheer magnetism of one role, that of Caleb in *East Of Eden,* opened the doors at last to many other young actors who had up to this time not been considered "right" . . . and how with a kind of defiance he had become overnight the biggest star Hollywood has had in many, many years! His candle burned so brightly! Now, only a few months later, the candle burns no more! The most talented young actor and controversial personality this town has ever known is gone! Only his name and the memory of his magnificent portrayals remain!

As long as I live, I will never forget the awful sadness, the terrible sense of losing a great talent, a young man with the whole world ahead of him who died in one reckless moment on an almost lonely road, almost as lonely as his life had been. He once said, "Being an actor is the loneliest thing in the world. You're all alone with your concentration and your imagination and that's all you have." And he believed this creed and lived by it. Had he lived longer there is no height to which he would not have climbed.

Everyone in the industry will mourn him deeply. He might never have believed that! He was so fiercely independent of everyone excepting those few who got to know him and in so doing admired him. But for most people, he remained a complex and difficult personality.

I cannot write this story without the mention of my own son and yet I hesitate to mention him for fear that those who read this might feel that it is not in good taste. But I must refer to him for it was only by a quirk of fate that Steve and

(Continued on next page)

SAL MINEO, who won almost as many critical raves for *Rebel Without A Cause* as Jimmy, is the young star who comes closest to equaling his fan following. Sal's 17, started his career like Jimmy on stage and TV. He also shares two of Dean's off-screen hobbies: painting and photography.

what jimmy dean's death did to hollywood *(Continued)*

his friend, Bill Tunstall (professional name Bill Stevens), both friends of Jimmy, did not accompany him on that fatal trip to Salinas. Days after the death of young Dean, I heard both Bill and Steve repeating over and over again, their faces taut and white, their voices hoarse with the shock of this sudden tragedy, "If we had only gone, then he wouldn't have taken the small racing car. We would have all driven up in Jim's station wagon, taken turns driving. We wouldn't have let him go so fast. He would have shipped the racing car up there. If we had only gone along . . . if . . . if . . ."

I could only remind them again and again the strange ways of Fate and the always unanswerable question: Why was only Dean taken when there were three people involved in the accident? Any one of the three might have met his fate. But they didn't. Only he. Why? How sad it is to die at twenty-four. Perhaps he had no more years . . . just twenty-four of them. Perhaps that is the answer.

But the boys remain silent as if trying to understand the profound mystery of life and death. They review again the events that kept them from accompanying Jimmy on that trip, the plans that were so carefully made and then disbanded, the last bits of conversation, the promise to meet him in Salinas late Friday evening, the last words spoken to him Friday morning on the day he drove away. How they admired the car, that new silver racing car of which Jimmy was so proud, and then, only a few hours later the shattering news!

"He wanted us to go up Thursday with him," Bill said again trying to fathom the reason for his untimely death. "Why did it have to happen to him?" Bill had always gone with Jimmy in the past. As a matter of fact, their friendship had developed because Bill himself had raced sports cars and won trophies for his ability. Steve's interest in sports car races, although he did not race himself, drew the three together. "He wanted us both to go, Steve and me . . . but I had to work the last minute and couldn't go. But maybe if we had gone with him . . . maybe—"

Again the awful regret.

"But don't you see, Bill, it was not meant for you and Steve to go along with him because there was always something that kept you both from going," I tried to tell him.

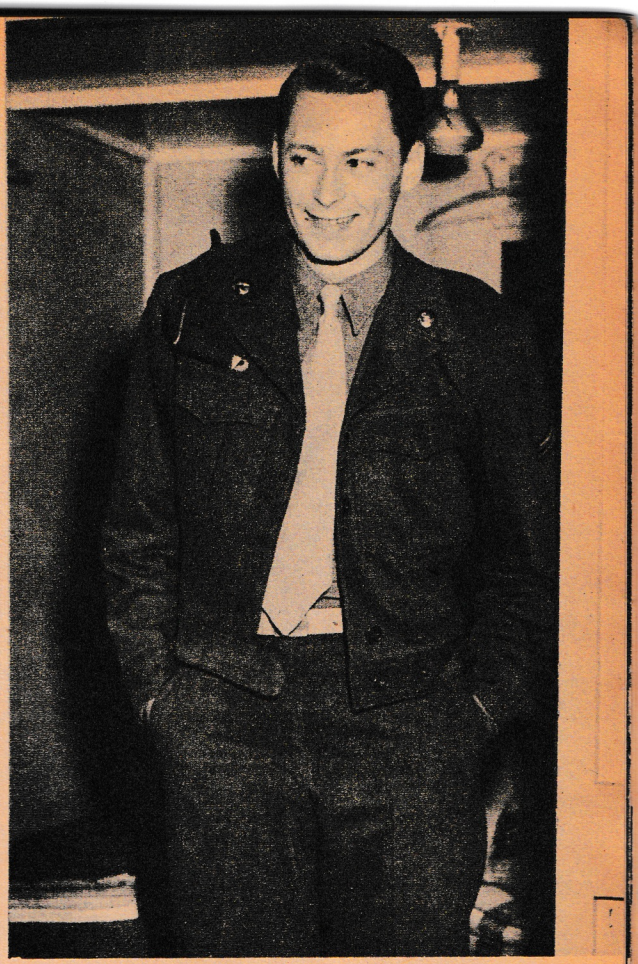
"Yes, always something," he repeated, "and we had all planned to go. Every day we saw Jimmy in the studio and we made plans and he was always hoping he'd finish the picture in time to be able to race in Salinas. For a time, it looked like he wasn't going to be finished—"

Again the mystery of Fate, the strange unanswerable mystery. For Dean finished the last scenes of *Giant* on Wednesday. He had promised his studio that he would not race during production and he kept that promise. But on Thursday, he was free of studio commitments and he had planned a long week-end in Salinas, time enough to try out the racer and get ready for the race itself. For that reason he wanted both Steve and Bill to go along on Thursday. Try out the car on the track on Friday, get it in perfect condition for racing on Saturday and Sunday. It was to be a glorious week-end. When Bill could not go on Thursday, Jimmy decided to wait over until Friday for them. But at the last minute neither boy could make it on Friday as planned. Bill had an interview at the studio, and just as unexpectedly and suddenly, an important studio (*Continued on page* 58)

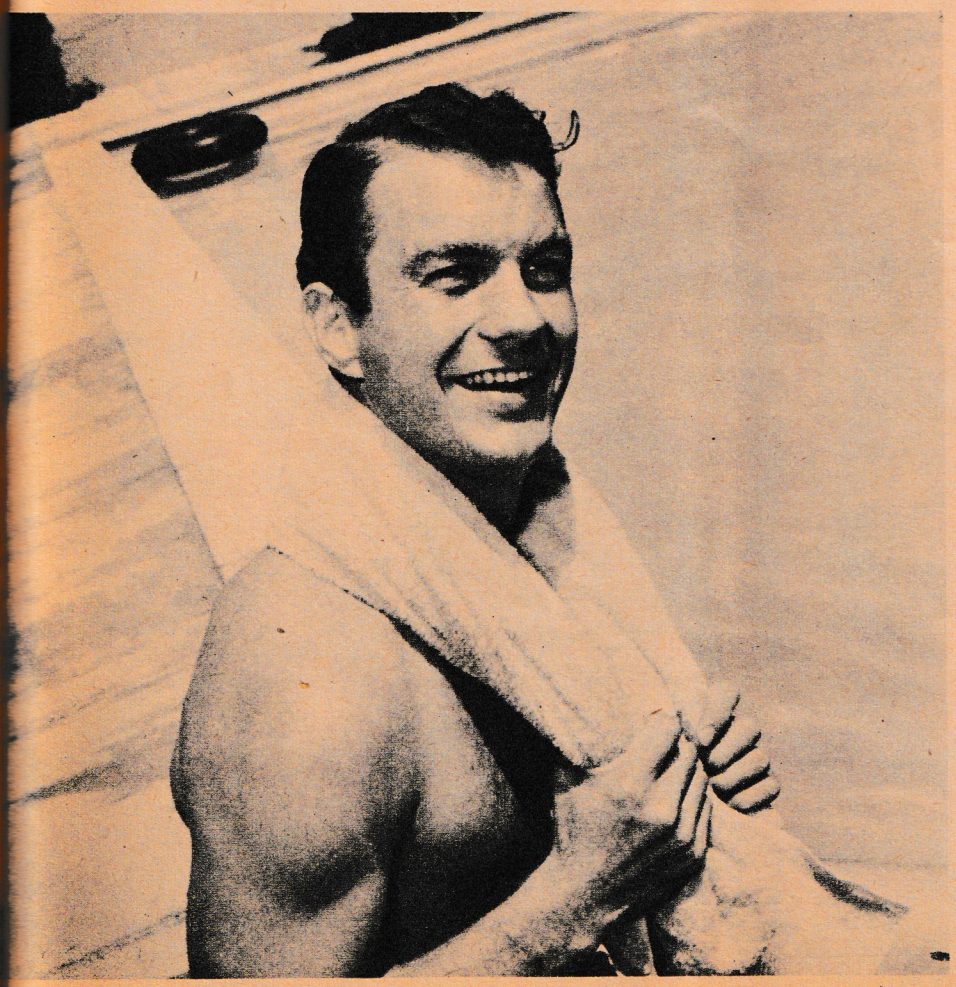
WANTED BY ALL STUDIOS but very careful as to what script he'll accept next after *The Proud And The Profane*, Dewey Martin has the same intent of purpose about his career as had Jimmy. And like Jim, he's seeking a mate who'll understand this drive. Other similarities: summerstock experience, dislike of parties, 2 years of college.

ANOTHER CLICK from the cast of *Rebel* who's also with Dean in *Giant* is Dennis Hopper. He follows Jim's lead in publicity, is friendly but wary with reporters, very anxious to be known as "an actor, not a personality." Now 19, he's remembered by TV audiences as epileptic on *Medic;* off-screen he follows Dean too, dates pretty Natalie Wood.

INTENSE AND BROODING John Cassavetes matches Jim more in talent than in looks, is retiring rather than flamboyant in private life. He's 26, married, torn between acting, writing and producing as an eventual career. With hit after hit on TV, he's choosy about movie roles.

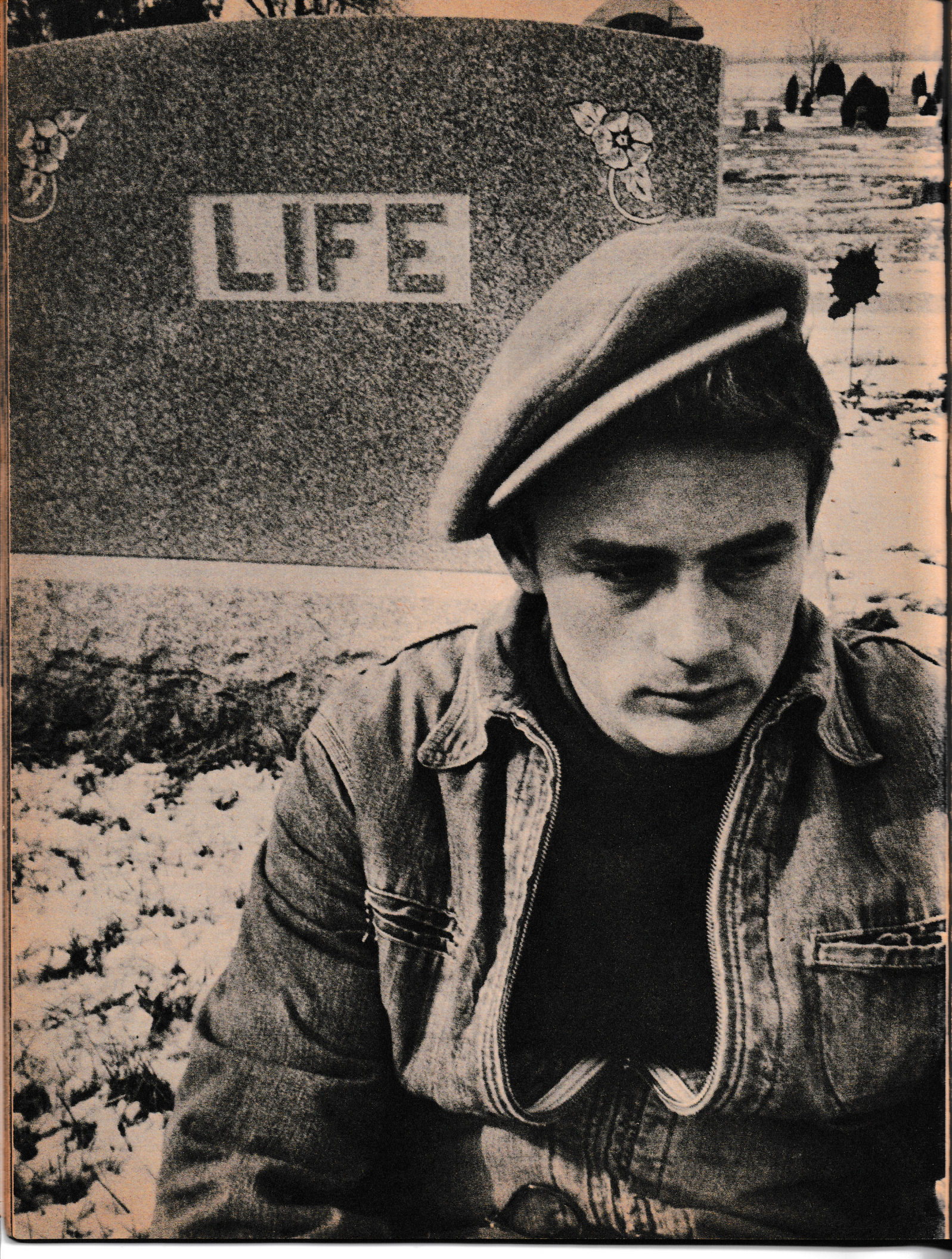


COMPLETELY UNHOLLYWOOD but in a different way from Dean is John Kerr who's in MGM's *Gaby*. He's a Harvard grad who won an M.A. with a thesis on Russian literature. The dad of twins, he'll repeat stage hit in *Tea And Sympathy* if draft call doesn't interrupt.

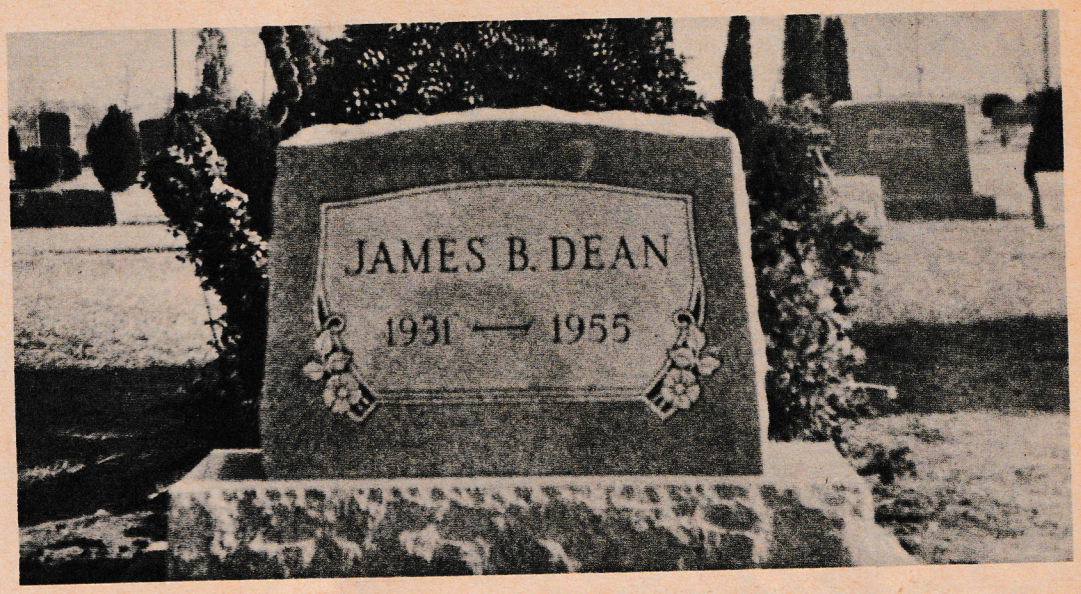


PHYSICALLY MUCH LIKE JIMMY, Ben Cooper found his best chance to date to prove himself as an actor in *Rose Tattoo*. He's a bachelor; at 22, has fourteen years' acting experience behind him. A top horseman, he plays a guitar, sings, is an expert shot.

STUDIO INSIDERS call Cliff Robertson the hottest bet for stardom since *East of Eden* catapulted Jimmy Dean. He's a native Californian, famed in video circles as "Rod Brown" of *Rocket Rangers*. Movie-wise he vaults from *Picnic* to the lead opposite Joan Crawford in *The Way We Are*.


LIFE

Here, at last, a troubled spirit finds repose.



WHERE JIMMY FOUND PEACE

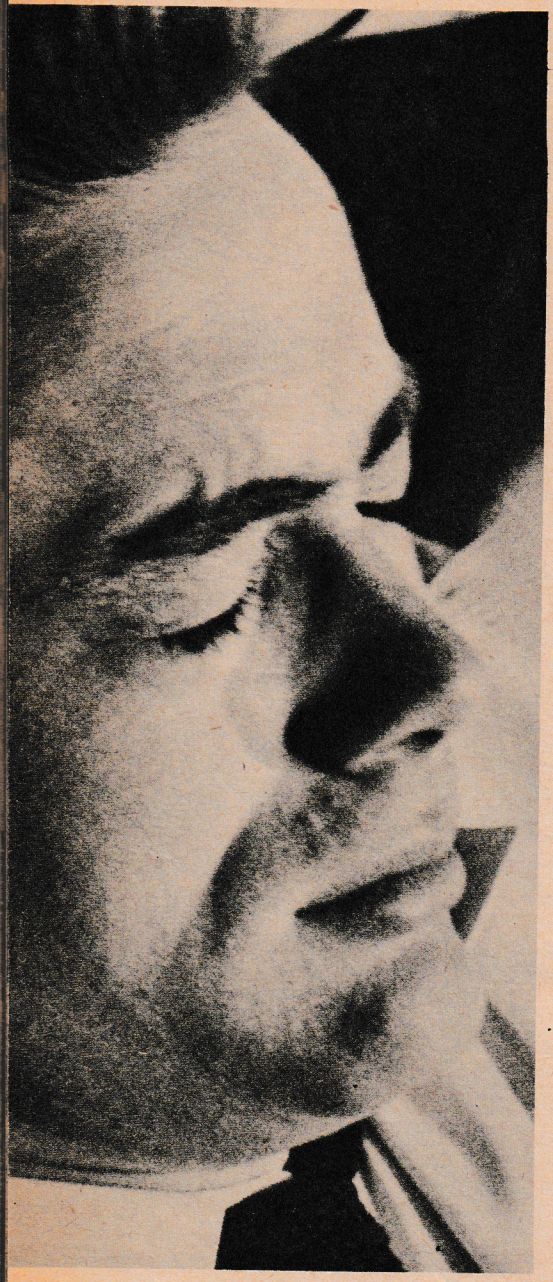
■ The restless spirit that was Jimmy Dean lies today, at peace, in Fairmount's Park Cemetery, a scant mile from the farm where he grew up. A simple pink granite headstone marks his grave. And yet, even here in this quiet and hallowed place, there is recurring evidence that he is not forgotten. On the thirtieth of every month (the anniversary of his death), fresh flowers line the grave. Last Christmas, the deep pine blanket with which the Winslows covered his resting place was covered in turn with fresh floral tributes. And on what would have been his 25th birthday, forty baskets and bouquets arrived.

Even more impressive than the physical signs of remembering are the thoughts and love that still linger in the hearts of his friends and neighbors. At his funeral service, read by Dr. James A. DeWeerd and Rev. Xen Harvey, six hundred people jammed the church; three thousand more stood outside. Even today, his aunt and uncle, Ortense and Marcus Winslow, his grandmother and grand-dad, Emma and Charles Dean, find their mailboxes filled to overflowing with tributes from fans who never met Jimmy yet mourn his death as sincerely as those who were his intimates. The family answers as many letters as possible—about twenty-five a week—and treasures them all.

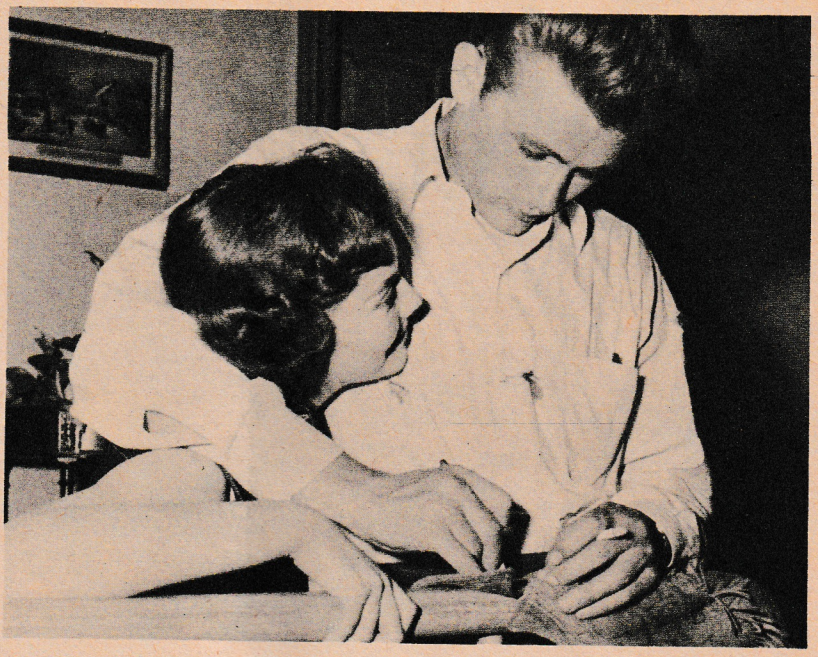
It is now summer in Fairmount. The pond where Jimmy fished and swam again rings with the shouts of children. The street where he first rode a bicycle sees other beginners starting out. In the quiet Quaker chapel where he worshipped, other young men come to pray. We like to think that from his place of peace, Jimmy looks down on those who follow and feels the love that still reaches out to him from them.

Top: The Quaker Friends Church at Fairmount from which Jim was laid to rest. Below: His grave on 25th birthday, February 8, 1956.

THE DEEPENING MYSTERY OF JAMES DEAN *(Continued)*



Q. Are they going to build a memorial to Jimmy?
A. *A bronze life mask by Kenneth Kendall is in Lawrence Hutton Hall of Fame at Princeton.*



Q. Did Jimmy meet Natalie Wood on the *Rebel Without A Cause* set? Was she his girl friend?
A. *In 1954 Jim and Nat did a TV show for G. E. Playhouse. From that time she was his No. 1 fan but it wasn't until Rebel that they dated and then the bond between them was acting.*

Q. What did Marlon Brando really think of Jimmy? Was he jealous of him? Did he hate him?
A. *The simplest way to answer is to say that Jimmy's grandparents prize a letter from Brando telling how honored he was to have known such a fine boy and tremendous talent.*

Q. I've read so much about Jimmy Dean. How about the boy with him? And the driver of the other car? Were they badly hurt? How are they now?
A. *Rolf Weutherich, the German mechanic who works for International Motors, the company that sold Jimmy the Porsche, received a broken jawbone and a broken kneecap. He was in the Paso Robles Hospital for a while, then was transferred to the Glendale Hospital but has been back to work. There are reports he's heading back for Germany. Strangely enough, Donald Turnupseed, the 24-year-old student who was hit by Jimmy, only received a scratched nose.*

Q. Is it true Jimmy used to sleep on the floor?
A. *He slept Japanese-style, on straw mats, and his guests had to follow suit.*

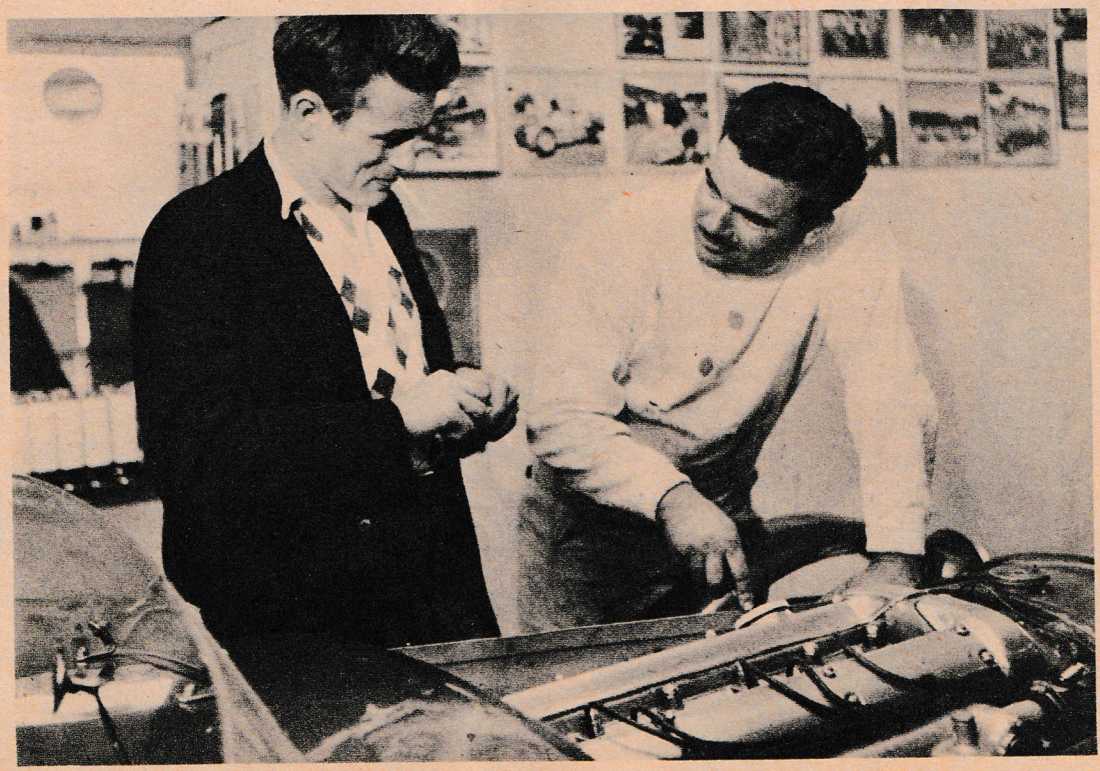
Q. Where was Jimmy buried?
A. *In Park Cemetery, Fairmount, Indiana. Jimmy's dad, Winton, went to Paso Robles, California, to claim the body, had him buried at 2 p.m., Saturday, October 8.*

Q. What was Jimmy's religion?
A. *He belonged to the Quakers and his funeral services were held in the Friends' Church, conducted by the pastor who had known Jimmy well.*

Q. When did he start racing?
A. *Although he'd been interested* (Continued on page 61)

Q. How come Jimmy didn't win an Academy Award or special mention?
A. *Once an actor is nominated (as Jimmy was), it isn't possible to give him a special award. It's thought he may get one in '57.*

Q. Why did Jimmy carry a notebook and pencil around with him?
A. *Jimmy, who said he wanted to be a director someday, observed methods of Nick Ray (above) and others, then scribbled them down.*



Q. Is there any truth at all to the rumor going around that Jimmy wasn't really at the wheel when the two cars collided?
A. *Tom Fredericks, a beekeeper at Shandon, and his brother-in-law, Tom Dooley, testified that the mechanic, Rolf Weutherich, was at the wheel. They said that Weutherich was wearing a red T-shirt and Dean a white upper garment. The man they saw at the wheel just before the tragedy was wearing red, they said. However, Rolf Weutherich categorically denied this report.*

(*Continued from page* 48)

appointment came up for Steve, too. So Jimmy decided to go up on Friday without them, taking along a friend of his, a mechanic. The other boys promised to drive up late Friday evening—for since neither boy could accompany Jimmy on Friday afternoon, Steve planned to take Kathy Case to the Make-up Artists' Ball that evening and then he and Bill would drive up after it was over. None of the plans so excitedly made ever materialized. The suddenness of the tragedy was overpowering and terrible—like a grim nightmare. It will be a long while before either boy gets over the shock.

"But I just spoke to him that morning," Steve kept saying. "I went over to look at the Porsche again before my appointment. Jimmy was all excited. He expected to leave about three o'clock or so and he asked, 'Will you and Bill make it for sure after the Ball?' We told him we would and he was pleased. And then I remember I added, 'Well, we'll make it, Jim, if nothing unforeseen happens,' never realizing how soon the 'unforeseen' would happen, and he laughed. 'Great,' he said. I wished him luck and that's the last time I saw him. It's unbelievable—I still keep thinking I'll run into him somewhere, and every time I see a white Porsche, I instinctively turn my head. I can't believe he's really gone!"

No one can believe it! He was just beginning to reap the glory of his success and yet, somehow, being a successful young actor must not have been the complete answer to Jimmy's happiness. There seemed to be within him a burning curiosity for excelling in all things, to be the best in everything, to drive race cars and win! To fly a plane! To tame the wildest horse! To be a bull fighter! He had the urge in him to live dangerously, to feel the challenge of danger and meet it, emerging victor sometime, and then!

It was shocking, the news when we first heard it. We were at the Waif Whisper Ball, held the same evening as the Make-up Artists' Ball and curiously enough they were held just across the street from each other. It was a gala and gay party with Jane Russell in the most beautiful and glittering of white dresses standing in the spotlight on the stage thanking the many glamorous guests for their support to a cause so dear to her heart, the adoption of homeless children from every part of the world. She introduced the Master of Ceremonies, Bob Hope, who with one word turned the room into bright, scintillating laughter and warm gaiety. Then a late guest to our table broke the news to us in a deathly quiet and strained voice.

"I've just heard the most terrible news," he said. "Jimmy Dean's been killed in an accident!"

There was a sudden dreadful hush at our table and a kind of convulsive gasp of horror and then a strange sickly look on everyone's face, a look of disbelief. "It couldn't be true! It just couldn't be!" I remember I said, thinking back on all the plans Bill and Steve had been making for weeks and trying to rationalize that since the race was not taking place until Saturday, how could this accident have taken place, forgetting in a moment of panic that accidents can happen anywhere.

"It happened on his way to Salinas," he said.

"That must be a rumor; there are always

There was a sudden dreadful hush . . . A gasp of horror...It couldn't be true...He'd come and gone like a flash of lightning.

crazy rumors like that from time to time," someone offered with a glimpse of hope. "Why it simply can't be true; it's so cruel, so useless!"

"But it is true," the man replied sadly. "I just heard it on my car radio."

But we still couldn't believe it. It seemed so macabre, so unreal, particularly as we looked around the gay room, filled with happiness and music—the tinkle of champagne glasses, the beauty of glamorous stars in exquisite clothes and jewels. There was Gable, and Dick Powell and Fernando Lamas and many more laughing and chatting and applauding the entertainment. The sound of merriment was everywhere in the room with no one appearing sad or shocked—only those at our table.

We turned hopefully again to our late guest. "Look . . . everyone seems so happy and they wouldn't be if this news were true!" We were so sure it couldn't be and we sighed with relief, feeling the chill of death melt from our hearts, and we were brushing away the quick hot tears with a dab of powder and trying again to recapture the happy spirit of the party. But somehow we couldn't. A friend of mine at the table knowing that Steve was talking about taking the trip with Jimmy started to laugh a little hysterically as she held on to my hand.

"What a frightful thing—if it is true. That poor boy—that poor boy—"

"It is true!" our informant asserted again, a catch in his voice. "A few who heard it have promised not to spoil this party by announcing it. They're not going to say anything until the show's over!"

We sat in stunned silence, all of us, the rest of the evening in a kind of blur, not hearing the music nor the songs . . . just feeling an aching numbness.

On what a slender thread does life hang! I was thinking of Steve and Bill and the plans that didn't materialize and how grateful I was that they didn't, and how sick I felt for the tragic end of Jimmy Dean, for his father, his aunt and uncle who brought him up on the farm in Indiana and were so proud of him and now were left to mourn him.

There were those who knew the young actor well who say that he always had a strange premonition that his life would be short and that he felt a need to live recklessly, that he had an everlasting urge to find himself, to understand the strange moodiness that possessed him and the belligerent attitude which hid his sensitivity. Bill, who knew him well, said this to me: "Jimmy was very sensitive; he was difficult, too, with people because he didn't like to hurt anyone. Most people thought he was rude and harsh. He was complex in personality, but he had been hurt a lot and he knew how it felt and his arrogance and belligerence were a protection he used. Still Jimmy was a great guy. We once had a quarrel and I didn't see him for a month. Then I bumped into him one day and he greeted me as though there had never been words between us and he invited me to have a cup of coffee with him and then quite unexpectedly he apologized, admitting that he had been the one at fault and was sorry. That was Jimmy. He never held a grudge. He always admitted when he was wrong. And once he'd apologized, he never mentioned the incident again." Ironically enough, the "incident" had to do with a former racing event in which Jimmy had driven his car and Bill had cautioned him about something which had to do with the mechanics of racing.

In Hollywood, Dean stood alone. He was a provocative personality with a kind of violence in him which made him the exciting actor he was, even if it did not always endear him to people in his personal life. He made no compromises in his professional life or his personal life, either. He was bitterly scornful of those who did and he made no attempt to hide it. Even his close friends admit that he was sometimes difficult to get along with. But as an actor, he stirred one's imagination, whether his technique appealed or not.

There were those who were completely captivated by his emotionally raw and savage portrayal of an adolescent in *East Of Eden*.

Others were just as vehement against his mannerisms, the slouching way he held his head, the incoherence of his words, the hunching of his shoulders. But no matter which side you were on, Dean was fascinating to watch.

It is ironical that those who hailed him with such enthusiasm were completely indifferent to him when he first tried to get a "break" before he went to New York and established himself. Even in college, he was not considered outstanding. One sometimes wonders just what happens to all that "talent" considered so promising by college dramatic instructors when the talent they overlooked generally makes the important success. It was just that way with Dean. He couldn't get a decent part in a college play. In fact, when he did make a hit in New York TV and in the theatre, and one of his college friends excitedly told a teacher about it, she was completely puzzled as to whom he meant. "Jimmy Dean?" she asked, trying to recall the young man. "Which one was Jimmy Dean?" Even after he had been described to her, she couldn't quite understand the impact of his success. "Well, well . . . who would have ever thought he would have been so successful . . . that boy who wore those glasses and was so quiet?"

Even in those days, he was difficult to know. I remember in discussing him one evening, someone at my home said, "When Jimmy was parking cars in New York on the CBS lot, he was a lot happier than he was with all his acclaim in Hollywood."

I can't believe that. I think whatever happiness he could have ever hoped to enjoy, he did enjoy with his success as an actor, not as a "car parker." He had achieved his goal and had he lived he might have developed a better personal relationship with people. He might have become more tolerant and patient, less emotional, less scornful. With more security in his own life, there would have been less violence in him. Yet, on the other hand, it was this very emotional intensity in him, this violent lashing out, that gave him the colorful excitement in his every performance.

Hollywood will never forget him. Never! He came and went like a flash of lightning in such a short space of time. And now, one reads they are frantically looking for "another Jimmy Dean," someone else with the same kind of magnetic quality to play the roles slated for him. Who will take his place? Who will stir the imagination so vividly?

There are many young and talented players who have many of the qualities Jimmy had, the sensitivity, the fine dramatic sense, the integrity to their profession. I am thinking of actors like Dennis Hopper, John Kerr, John Cassavetes and others. Whether they have the same kind of surging violence peculiar to Dean, those qualities that held an audience spellbound, is something that only a part as rich and colorful as that of Caleb in *East Of Eden* can tell. But then long before Jimmy played that part, he had that magic "something" on many of his TV shows he did in New York. Personally, I don't think I'll ever forget those performances which should be re-run again; the funny little crooked smile that had so much charm and sympathy in it and made one see the "little boy" quality that was so endearing; the ruthless, restlessness and savage reality of Dean which made one remember him long after one had forgotten everyone else on the screen.

In all fairness, the young actors mentioned should not be compared to Dean at all. They will play the roles in *their* way, not in Dean's way, and each is an intelligent and fine actor with his own distinct personality, none the less brilliant because he is different, each in his own way. But there is one important factor in all this: Dean's sensational success has paved the way for other imaginative young players who happen to be off-beat. His influence was far-reaching.

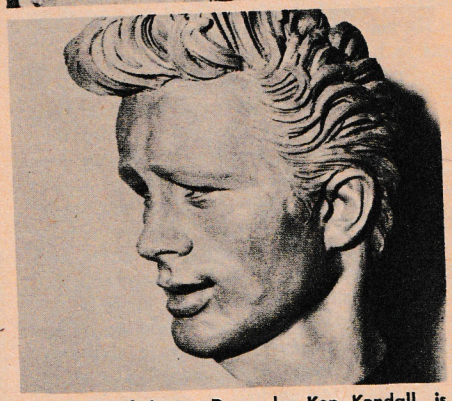
As Jimmy himself once said, "There's always someone in your life who's big, who opens up your eyes. For me, that's James Whitmore. He made me see myself. He opened me up and gave me the key."

For others that "someone big" was Jimmy Dean. He also gave them the key.

He will be long remembered.

I wonder if Hollywood will ever find another just like him. I don't think so. He was unique. There *was* only *one* Jimmy Dean!

It is sad—very sad—to say—Farewell.



Life mask of James Dean, by Ken Kendall, is in Lawrence Hutton Hall of Fame at Princeton. Replicas went to Fairmount High, Jimmy's dad.

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those who loved him (*Continued from page* 45)

He was a genius who never lost the common touch . . . greatness in horn-rimmed glasses . . . a pixie underneath.

return from New York. He'd made up his mind to make it rough for a lot of people because they'd given him the runaround. But contrary to the general consensus of opinion, Perry doesn't believe that Jimmy was unhappy. "Jimmy," he said, "was a lonesome kid who found great pleasure in the house he rented. He liked to get a hammer and go around fixing things. He was a friend, faithful and just to me." Perry has seen the rushes on *Giant* and fairly goes into ecstasy when he recalls Dean's performance at the end of the picture as an old man, drunk and gibbering to an empty hall. Perry says it is the acting of a genius.

Natalie Wood, whose charm and intelligence first attracted Jimmy on the *Rebel* set, thinks Jim was the finest actor in the world. "He was a genius but he never lost the common touch. He could speak as easily to brilliant people as he could to us teen-agers. He had so much to offer, not only as a performer but as a person, that everyone who had the privilege of knowing him grew to love him. He was greatness in horn-rimmed glasses." (In a story which once ran in MOVIE STARS PARADE, Natalie was quoted as saying that playing opposite Dean in *Rebel* ". . . was the biggest turning point in my career . . . He was a wonderful person and he had such a great sense of humor. I'll never forget him.")

Natalie recalls a time when she injured herself in an automobile accident and was in the hospital. She had been speeding. Everyone had called to console her but Jimmy. When he called, he gave her a lengthy lecture about her responsibility to the public and dwelt for a while on her recklessness. He pointed out, "As actors we belong to our public and not to ourselves." Natalie went on to say that Jim had deep understanding of the values and responsibilities to others. She said, "Much has been printed about Jimmy's carelessness. He was not driving recklessly the night of his accident. This accident could have happened to anyone."

Dick Clayton was Dean's close friend and agent. One of the reasons, perhaps, for their getting along so well is that Dick steadfastly refused to capitalize on their friendship. Now that Jimmy's dead, he has kept up his end of the bargain and still refuses to be quoted. With Dick, Jimmy felt completely at ease. When he was throwing himself into a role or when he was preparing himself for a race, he would drop into Clayton's office for a bit of relaxing conversation. Sometimes he would curl up on the window-seat and next thing Dick knew, Jimmy'd be fast asleep. Dick, knowing Jimmy's need to release his pent-up energies, wouldn't disturb him for hours. Between them was the quiet understanding that comes only to the best pals.

Nick Adams, who spent a great deal of time with Jimmy, reveals, "Jimmy had a pixie sense of humor." Since Nick does, too, the two boys got along famously! Nick recalls Jimmy's favorite expression was "Laugh at the world and all its good is yours." This was his philosophy. Nick says, "When I was with him life seemed so very enjoyable and pleasant in every respect. If people happened to be depressed while around Jimmy, he could always make them feel better by seeing the funny side of their troubles and giving out with hilarious laughter." To illustrate the fun they had together, Nick told us some of the things they did.

A favorite trick would be to go to a restaurant—usually the Villa Nova on the Sunset Strip—and while studying the menu, Jimmy would casually pick up the water pitcher and start pouring into his glass. When the waiter ventured near, he would, without looking, pour the water on the waiter. Nick would then take the sugar from the table and pour it into his pocket. Jimmy would top this by putting carrot sticks in his ears.

Nick also recalled the time he had a scene to do with Jimmy in *Rebel*. He was supposed to walk down a corridor and beckon to Dean, who was out of camera range. The cameras rolled, Nick walked down the corridor and beckoned to Dean. Then when he got to him, there was Jimmy standing on his head. This broke up Nick and the crew.

And Nick remembers the day he had lunch with Jimmy in the "Green Room," famous commissary at Warner Brothers. Jimmy said, "Want to see me make everyone look at me?" Nick did. So Dean placed a cracker in each eye and ate his lunch.

They had another great trick to startle people. They would get into their respective cars—Jim in his Porsche and Nick in his M.G.—drive side by side but neither would sit behind the wheel of his car. Instead each

what made jimmy run?

(*Continued from page* 19)

Was he doomed? . . . Did he have a self-destruction complex? . . . Or was he merely searching for love?

"We had a farewell drink together; I gave him the bull-fighting posters and we promised each other we'd keep in touch. But after one or two letters the correspondence petered out. You know how guys are.

"I didn't get back to New York until late in '54. By that time Jim was in Hollywood. Naturally I read all the stuff that was printed about him—but none of it sounded like the boy I knew. Marlon Brando-ish? Jim? Ridiculous! Inarticulate? Uncommunicative? I remember the times I couldn't shut him up. Bongo drums? Racing cars? I never heard Jim mention either subject. I couldn't reconcile myself to Jim's 'going Hollywood.' I wondered many times what made him change so in the three years following our friendship."

Somewhere, however, the change did take place.

Lee Strasberg, who taught classes at The Actors' Studio, always felt there was something different about Jim: "His behavior and personality seemed to be part of a pattern which inevitably had to lead to something destructive. I always had a strange feeling there was in Jimmy a sort of doomed quality."

Doomed? He didn't appear so to another person—a young actress who knew Jim well during his early days in New York, before and during the time he was attending those classes of Mr. Strasberg. This girl, now married, prefers to be identified only as Jeanne.

"I met Jim back in 1950 when he was attending classes at UCLA. I wasn't in any of his classes but a boy I dated was. One evening we ran into Jim on campus and my beau invited him to join our crowd for a beer at The Point—a small cafe overlooking the Pacific where the younger crowd go to drink beer, look at the ocean and talk. Jim seemed quite happy to be invited. But when we got there, he merely drank his beer and looked at the ocean. I don't think he contributed one word all evening. Later I was to learn that Jim had no patience with small talk and our conversation that night was all small talk. You know the kind. Campus gossip . . . would UCLA beat USC in the football competition . . . what was going on between the history teacher and the law prof . . . all that kind of stuff. It was obvious that Jim was bored but since he came along in our car he was more or less trapped. So he contented himself with watching the waves break upon the shore. I was awfully intrigued by him.

"Shortly after that, I left UCLA and went to New York. One afternoon—oh, I'd say it was six or seven months later, I was in the Astor drug-store absorbed in my coffee and a copy of *Variety* when I 'felt' someone staring at me. Automatically I looked up. It was Jim sitting at the opposite end of the counter. 'Hi, hi,' he called. 'Hi, yourself.' I answered. I thought he would come over to my side of the counter but he didn't move an inch. So, being an all-American, aggressive female, I moved over to his side. I was too happy about seeing someone from back home to worry about protocol.

"Jim seemed to feel the same way. After the initial 'What are YOU doing heres' were over, we began to talk as if we had known each other forever. Or rather he did.

"Torrents and torrents of words seemed to pour out of him. Once he started talking he was unstoppable. Even the nasty looks given us by the counterman for staying too long didn't phase him. He told me that he left California because he wanted to accomplish great, really great things in the theatre and that he would never return there until he was sure he had. He told me how he felt he would dry up and rot if he had to limit his acting to the bit parts he had been getting in films. 'They'll never give me a real chance,' he said. 'I'm not the bobby-sox type, and I'm not the romantic leading-man type either. Can you imagine me making love to Lana Turner?' he howled.

"And, indeed, I could NOT imagine him making love to Lana Turner or any of the other glamour girls out there. Jim, with his tousled hair, horn-rimmed glasses and slouching frame. Yet he had *something*. That certain indefinable magic that makes people sit up and take notice. Particularly when he was talking. I don't know why Jim was able to talk to me so much. Maybe it's because I'm a good listener . . . or because we were both in the same 'spot.' All I know is that he could and did talk to me.

"We were both 'babes in the big city' and we got along beautifully. There was one strange facet of our relationship though. He rarely introduced me to his other friends and didn't particularly want to meet any of mine. When he'd call, he'd always ask if I was alone. And when I said I was, he'd say 'I'll be right over.' And those calls came at the strangest times. At two in the morning, at four in the afternoon, at midnight. And when he'd leave, he'd merely say, 'So long now,' and that was all. Never when he'd see me again—or what he would do—or anything at all predictable.

"And even when he came over, I never knew what we would do. Sometimes we would sit around and talk a blue streak. Other times he'd drag me to a double bill on 42nd Street, which would be comprised of two horror movies (which I hated) . . . two gangster films . . . or more in my line, two love stories. And then there were evenings in which we would merely play records and the total conversation would consist of 'Hi' . . . and 'So long.'

"But whatever we did—whatever happened, I was never bored.

"I particularly looked forward to 'doing scenes' with him. He was a far better actor than I was an actress but when I worked with him he pulled me up. Once we worked on several scenes from *Streetcar Named Desire*. He was Stanley and I was Blanche. His Stanley was a masterpiece. Now I know Jim has been accused of aping Marlon Brando. I have seen Marlon in the part many times. Jim's interpretation was entirely different. It was all his own. He brought to the part a sensitivity that Marlon never had plus an animal magnetism that was overpowering. Marlon indeed could have learned from Jim.

"There was only one problem in my relationship with Jim. As you may have guessed, I was in love with him, and I knew Jim wasn't and would never be in love with me. From our very many conversations I realized that Jim was afraid of love. He seemed to feel that if he fell in love he would have to lose the object of his heart. I'm sure this has to do with the fact that he lost his mother when he was nine; although I'm no psychologist, the pattern was obvious. But it was more than that, too. Jim had no time or energy for love. He wanted to save his emotions and his feelings for his work. I realized this and I accepted it and I tried to conceal my feelings. I thought I was successful at it too.

"During the time I was seeing Jim, he took temporary jobs to keep a roof over his head. Occasionally he got 'extra' work on TV. I'll never forget the time he was hired as a stand-in on *Break The Bank*. His job consisted of having custard pies thrown at him to see if they were the right consistency for the contestants. Although he was despondent and depressed by some of his bad breaks, he thought that stand-in job was hysterically funny.

"There was, however, a period during the spring of 1952 when even extra jobs were hard to come by and he was offered the post of a crewman on a sloop. I didn't think he should take it. 'Jim,' I said, 'if it is just the money that's worrying you, I'll lend you whatever you need. We're good friends and I believe in you, and my money is just sitting there in the bank.'

"He looked at me with an odd expression which I had never seen on his face before. 'Tell me, honestly,' he said, 'do you want to lend me this money because you believe in me, or because you are in love with me?'

"My silence was all the answer he needed. He wouldn't accept the loan. And it was all for the best that he didn't. The skipper of the sloop knew someone who knew someone who was looking for a boy to play the mentally retarded Wally Watkins in *See The Jaguar*. It was a gem of a part, the pivotal role—of a boy locked in a cage in an icehouse throughout the action of the play. When Jim showed me the script I knew it would make a star of him.

"My own relationship with Jim began to peter out about this time. Whether it was because he knew the way I felt and could no longer be comfortable with me, or because with the role of Wally he had the outlet for his emotions which he in some ways had used me for, I do not know. Maybe it was a combination of both.

"*See The Jaguar* opened on November 3, 1952. I'll never forget that night nor Jim's performance in the play. It was magnificent. Unfortunately, the show was considered too arty and symbolic by the critics and closed after only five performances. That was a blow to Jim, but I knew then that he'd never

have anything to worry about for the rest of his life. He was *made*.

"After *Jaguar* I saw less and less of Jimmy. He was kept busy on television. I was busy, too, and as I said, the real communication between us was gone. But I knew I'd never forget him. No one whose path has crossed Jim's could ever forget him.

"But about this business of his being 'doomed' or neurotic. I never thought he was any more neurotic than any other actor—good actor, that is—that I have known. If he was searching for something, it was a love that he could feel he wouldn't destroy. If he was doomed to anything, it was greatness. I comfort myself with the fact that his greatness is now immortal."

Jim's relationship with Jane Deacy was a rare and wonderful one indeed. An established and highly respected New York actors' representative, Miss Deacy has been exposed to young hopefuls of all kinds and calibre for years. She has an intuitive knowledge of which ones will "make" it and which ones will eventually return to the farm. Miss Deacy is not interested in "looks." Many a flashy Marilyn Monroe or Rock Hudson type has been given the usual "don't call us, we'll call you" brush.

With Jim, however, it was different from the very beginning. When the young, stoop-shouldered, badly dressed, bespectacled young man walked into her office for the first time, that little private bell within her began jingling away. And as the two talked, she liked Jim more and more. There was no "ego" here, no self-flattery, no party-manners and most of all no "operating." She liked his modesty and, what was equally important, his intent of purpose.

So she decided to do what, although common practice in Hollywood, is rare in New York. She signed Jim to a personal contract. After *See The Jaguar* closed, Miss Deacy badgered every TV producer in town to use Jim. Whether they were looking for a psychopathic murderer or a sensitive lover, she managed to persuade such shows as *Studio One* and *Philco* that Jim was the boy—the only actor in town for that matter who could fill the bill. Her greatest triumph of all was selling him for the part of the immortal young Arab boy of *The Immoralist*.

A rival agent—and a friend of Miss Deacy—tells it this way: "I turned Jim down cold the first time he came to my office. Just couldn't 'see' him and when I heard Jane signed him I thought she had lost her mind. But I sure have to give her credit. I never personalize too much with my clients. Don't approve of it. But Jane and Jim became more than agent and client. Mother and son would be more like it! She was concerned not only with his career but with him as a person as well. I read somewhere that Jim was always searching for a mother. Well, he found one in Jane. Maybe that's why he trusted her and her decisions so much. And maybe that's why his career suddenly boomed. When you know someone believes in you—really believes in you, you want to DO your best, *BE* your best and never let her down. To Jim, Jane was that 'someone.'"

It was while Jim was in *The Immoralist* that Miss Deacy went all out to get him a test for the role of Cal in *East Of Eden*. She had read the book and was sure that once he was tested the part would be his. Once again her faith was justified.

Since she didn't have a California office, she arranged to have Dick Clayton of Famous Artists represent Jim on the Coast. But all N.Y. television and theater management was to be hers so long as they both should live.

It was her negotiations with Maurice Evans' *Hall Of Fame* to have Jim play Morgan Evans on the TV Spectacular of *The Corn Is Green*, that brought her to California that last week of September, 1955. There were details to be straightened out with Jim.

And what a week she had! Jim wined and dined her at his favorite places; told her how excited he was about *Giant* (though unhappy that he had problems with director George Stevens) and waxed ecstatic over his forthcoming plans to play Romeo on TV—and, of course, showed her his new Porsche.

Miss Deacy planned to leave for home Saturday, October 1. On Friday afternoon Jim dropped up to her apartment at the Chateau Marmont in Hollywood to say goodbye and to apologize for being unable to take her to the plane the next day. But he had planned to attend those races at Salinas before he knew she would be in town and he didn't want to disappoint his friends. Besides, he'd be seeing plenty of her in N. Y. in a couple of weeks. "See you soon," he waved as he left the hotel.

A few hours later, while she was finishing packing, Miss Deacy got the phone call which informed her Jim had been killed! She went into a state of collapse and was inconsolable despite the efforts of Dick Clayton and other good friends to lessen her grief.

Even now, more than six months later, she cannot talk of him without breaking down. She continues to represent many other actors—but to Jane Deacy there will never be another Jimmy. If you ask her what made him run, she'd probably say his generosity to others, his kindness of spirit, his unrelenting desire to do the very best and to be the very best.

Ask a psychiatrist who spoke to Jim once and *he'd* say a self-destruction complex due to his mother's early death and his inability to communicate with his father . . . his desire for love and attention and his inability to give of himself in return.

But the real secret of what made James Byron Dean run is buried forever beneath a patch of earth in a small cemetery just outside of Fairmount, Indiana.

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the real dean

(*Continued from page* 37)

easily back in the warm routine of life with Aunt Ortense and Uncle Marcus. He romped with his cousins, found his old rifle for target practice, revisited the school where he first felt the wonder of acting.

And all the while Dean the actor seemed to be standing a bit apart watching Dean the man. Even as he experienced a reunion, a brief moment of laughter, he seemed to be outside it, evaluating it, trying to see how it would help him understand and portray some role that might lie ahead.

Typically, Jimmy dropped by the only undertaking parlor in the town and climbed into a coffin to be photographed. He wanted "to see how it felt." In the first photos he is grinning, kidding himself and his situation. In the last one, all the mirth is gone from his face; with all the intensity of his being, he has felt the awful foretaste of doom.

Intenseness is one key to Jimmy Dean . . . integrity another . . . They made an unfortunate combination.

Intenseness is one key to the mystery of Jimmy Dean; integrity is another. Sometimes they made an unfortunate combination. Once, for instance, Jimmy went into the stars' dining room on the Warner lot, the famous Green Room, and spotted his portrait on the wall along with some other players. Silently he walked over and ripped it down. "Thought he was too good to be on the same wall as the starlets," whispered his enemies. "Didn't think he yet deserved to be with the stars," said those who liked him. In all honesty it was probably a little of both, but it was just one more incident that led to the cruel whispers that "his co-workers are starting a fund to enroll Dean in some of Dale Carnegie's courses."

Perhaps one of the truest observations of Jimmy was made by Pier Angeli, speaking after love had fled but still with the compassion and insight of one who'd been permitted to see his heart. She'd heard a casual acquaintance complain about his "rudeness" and said quietly, "He's a nice boy. Underneath he is good and kind and you would like him if you really knew him." But so few really knew him; sometimes even Dean himself did not.

He would never look back over his work and pick any one part as his best performance. "I shall always consider the role of Cal in *East Of Eden* as a highlight of my career," he would say. "But best? Never! I consider my part in *Rebel Without A Cause* better and 'Jett Rink' in *Giant* better yet. I shall always think of each succeeding part as better than the ones before.

"I must always do better. I must improve. I must grow with each year. There is no point in an actor's life when he must feel he has done his best. I always think that my best is yet to come. And when it does arrive, I know that I shall not feel satisfied."

This restlessness, this urge to grow, to live tomorrow today was very much the heart of Jimmy. One small habit of his tells perhaps more about him than all the pages of memorial tributes that have yet been written.

It was Jimmy's custom to carry a pocketful of raw grains of wheat. Whenever he was in a restaurant or a lobby or even a friend's

Here, assembled with loving care, is the first complete and accurate fact sheet about Jimmy.

JIMMY DEAN

REAL NAME: James Byron Dean

BIRTHPLACE: Green Gables Apartments, East 4th Street, Marion, Indiana

BIRTHDATE: February 8, 1931

MOTHER'S NAME: Mildred Wilson

FATHER'S NAME: Winton Dean

HEIGHT AND WEIGHT: 5′ 10″-155 lbs.

HAIR: Blond

EYES: Blue

BROTHERS AND SISTERS: None

CLOSEST FRIENDS: Leonard Rosenman (composer), Dick Clayton (agent), Nick Ray (director), Bill Tunstahl (actor), Roger Donahue (former prize-fighter), Dennis Stock (photographer)

FAVORITE WRITERS: Jean Genêt, Curzio Malaparte, Gerald Heard

RELIGION: Quaker

FAVORITE FOODS: Hot chocolate, rich desserts

FAVORITE CLOTHES: Casual, but contrary to opinion, he liked to dress up for special occasions

NICKNAME: "Rock" while filming *Giant*

FAVORITE COLORS: Blue and red

FEARS: None (Except as a child he was afraid a rooster would peck his hands)

CIGARETTES: No favorite, constantly switched

MUSIC: Liked Bach, African chants, 12th and 13th Century music, Schoenberg, Berg, Bartok, Stravinsky. Liked all music, fast or slow, if it was good

FAVORITE SINGERS: Renata Tebaldi of Milan's La Scala Opera Company, Frank Sinatra

FAVORITE ARIA: "One Fine Day" from *Madame Butterfly*

READING MATTER: Devoured books of fiction, philosophy, Aztec culture, the theatre, art, music

LANGUAGES: English, was studying German

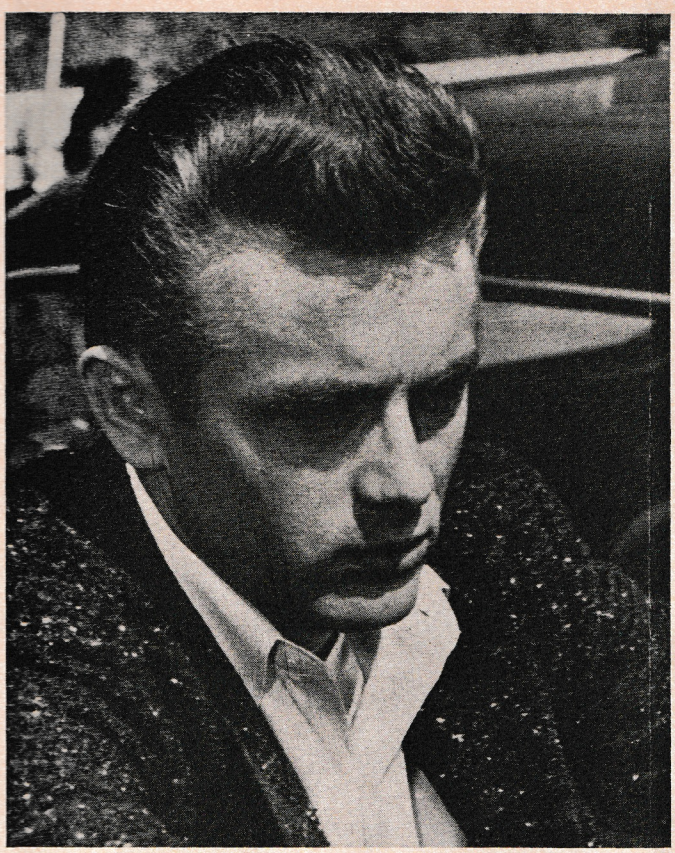
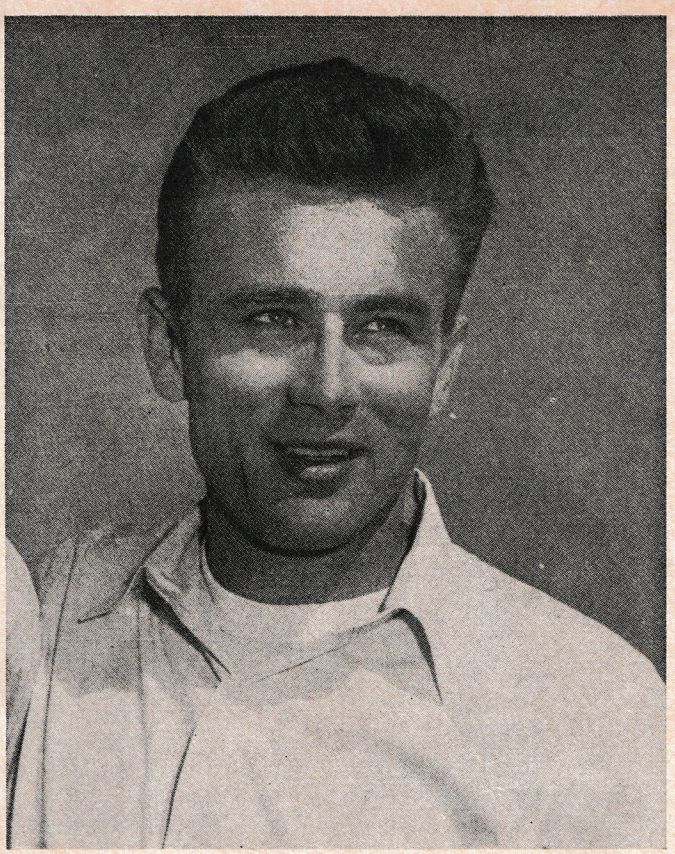
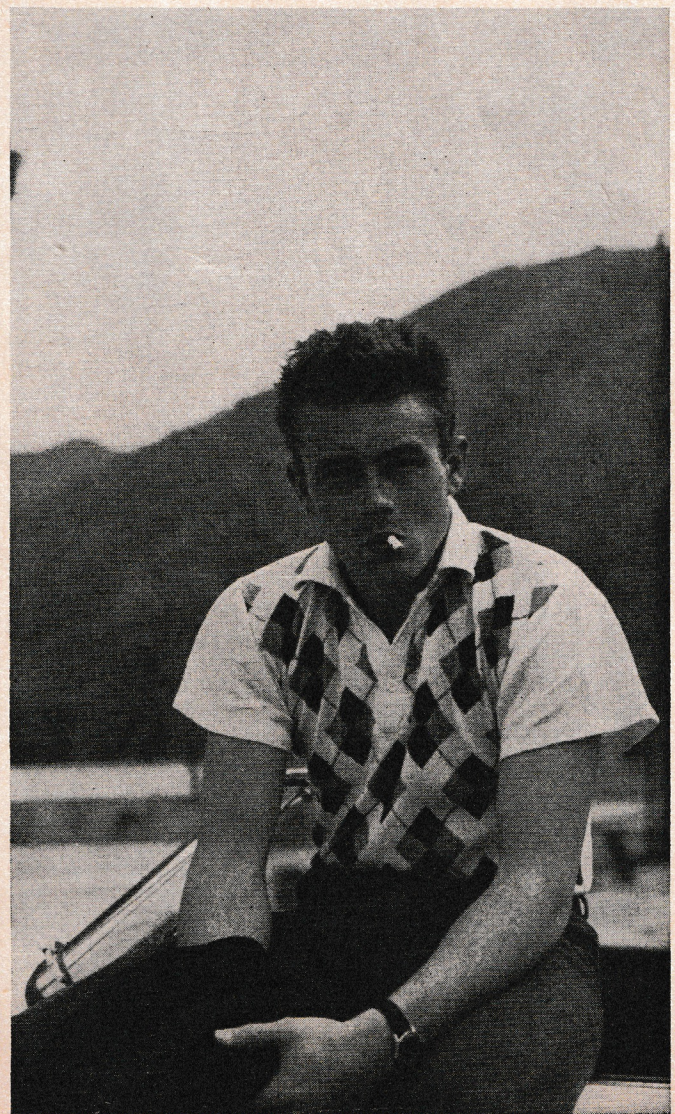
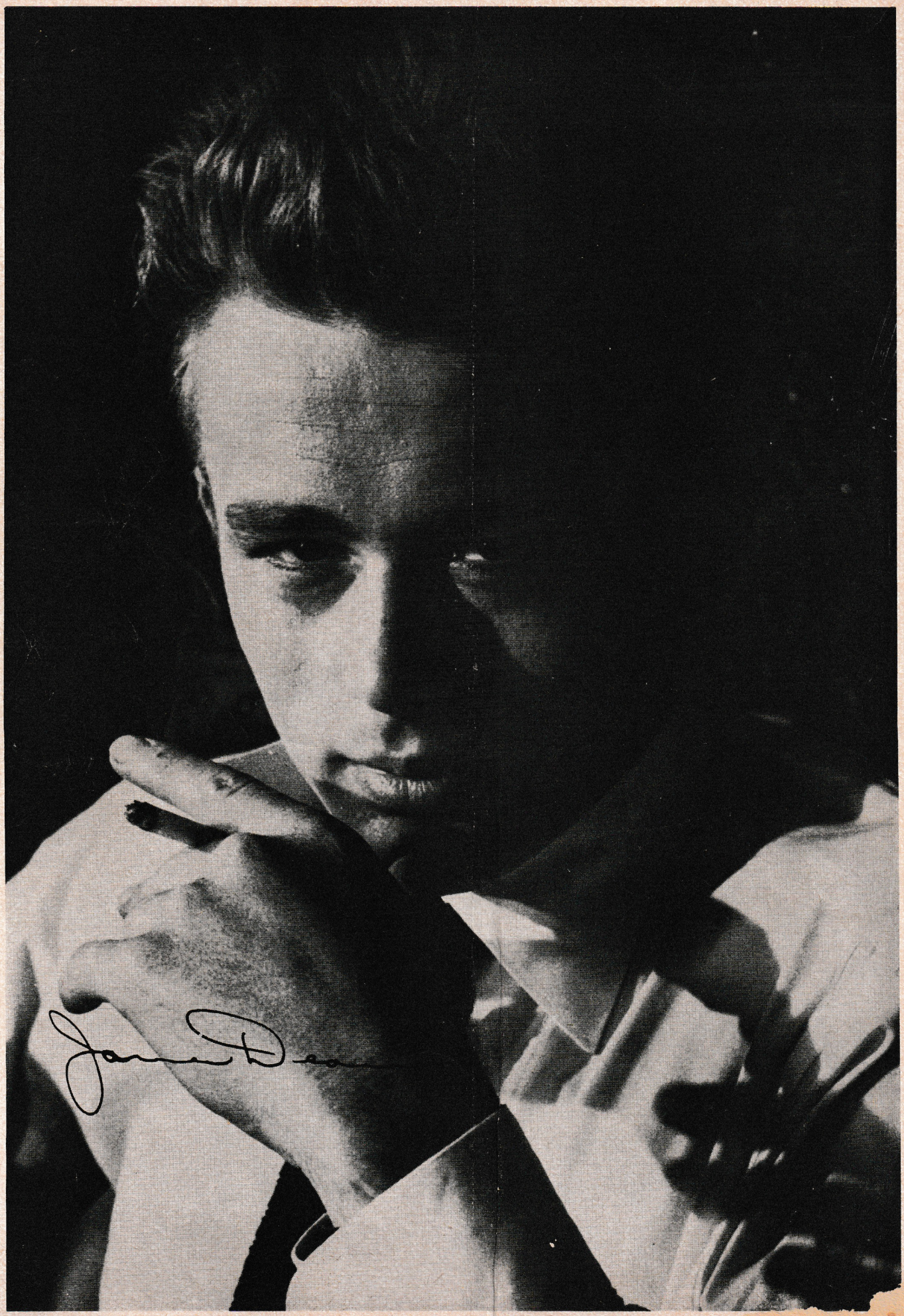
FAVORITE RESTAURANTS: Villa Nova, Googie's

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS: Played the bongo drums, piano and guitar, recorder

HOBBIES: Sports car racing (his all-consuming favorite), gardening, collecting records, photography, carpentry, cooking, dancing, singing, body movement, sculpture, writing poetry

SPORTS: Bull fighting, horseback riding, sailing, fencing, gymnastics, boxing, tennis, roping

SCHOOLS: Brentwood Grade School in Los Angeles
Fairmount Grade School, Fairmount High School — both in Indiana
UCLA
The Actors' Studio in New York

DISLIKES: Tschaikovsky and Victor Herbert (all romanticists), formal parties, having his hair cut, getting up early

AMBITIONS: To play Hamlet
To be a Director